

AND
DISCRETION
IN
YOUTH
AND
AGE

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
THE
LORD OF THE
TREASURY
OF THE
COMMONS
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND
IRELAND
IN
THE
SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY
BY
JAMES
MACKAY
ESQ.
OF
THE
BARR

LONDON.

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AND

DISCRETION

IN

YOUTH

A. G. E.

TO THE
RIGHT NOBLE
 AND
TRVLY VERTVOVS
 LADY
TEMPERANCE

Most vertuous Lady, yea, Ver-
 tue it selfe, under whose pro-
 tection to endeavour is most
 safe : and therefore that is
 here my most humble suite.
 I have, as insues, taken in
 hand to insitt upon, or rather to deale with
 most peremptory, stout, and turbulent *Pas-*
sions. My incounter with such, being coun-
 tenanced by your selfe, shall minde the more
 happy successe. Which favour, deare Lady,

The Lady's Duty.

shall for ever receive encouragement, and
approve your greatness, under the shadow
of whose wings I shall be sheltered as I would
from all the flying heat, of scolding har-
tred, issuing forth the infernall furnace of
detraction.

This I am presuming, it is, doubtlesse my
duty, to vow you my service: in the perfor-
mance of which, where I shall faile in so, I
trust to fulfill in my desire, and for ever rest

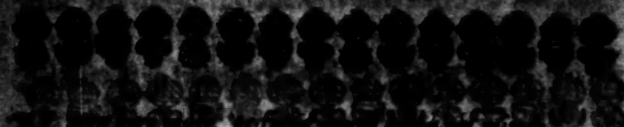
LADY

TEMPERANCE
Your Honour to Command,

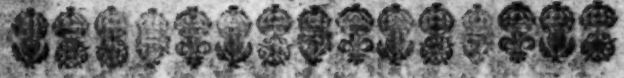
So long as mine owne to obey:

most humble suite, taken in
as in such, taken in
Edward Calver.

hand to instruction, or rather to deale with
most peremptory, stout, and undulant
your. My incommen with such, being coun-
tenanced by your selfe shall minde the more
happy success. With favour, deare lady,
I shall



By thus I seeme to invoke the winde:
 To answer such, is not because I see
 Aden, like the winde, an ever-changing bea
 But rather that, what cryaues here are shonne,
 The blame of them may thus be all mine owne.
 For sic as if that Iustice, misdeed
 Should rather be by such as faulted be.
 But if my gentle Patronesse inspire,
 Then here imagining my intent is higher,
 For then she may such heavenly favour shew
 As earbly Patrons have not to bestow
 But if these fully answer all the questions
 Then this I did to intreat the fassions
 And therefore your self, and I should be
 I doe present these dishes coming to this



To the Courteous Reader.

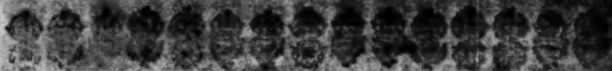
Read friends and welcome, you I doe request:
Here's nothing ill, so such as ill digest.
Your stomackes doe not sinne with your meate,
And therefore will not cast up what you eate.
Here you may take a taste, though not be fill'd,
Of such plaine dyet as my store doth yeeld:
Meere simples, or meere simple, if you will.
But you, I know, will censure not so ill.
And therefore to your taste, and stomacke both,
I doe present these dishes comming forth.

To the Captious Reader.

WHat, shall I bid thee read, and welcome it no,
It never was intended so by me :

I have no reason to invite my foe :
I made this for my Friend, and not for thee.

But, if grim *Momus*, it comes so to passe
That thou shalt read this, and deride it then,
Or flout, or scoffe, what need I care ? alas,
Tis but the use thou giv'st to other men :
Nay, tis thy Language, and for it, I hark ;
Curres can afford no fairer speech than barke.




To the Captious Reader.

W^Hat shall I bid thee read, and welcome it be,
I never was intended to pay me;
I have no reason to invite my foe:
I made this for my Friend, and not for thee;
But if thou wilt, it comes to pass
That thou shalt read this, and decide it thyself;
Or thou, or I, or I, or I, or I, or I,
Tis but the use thou giv'st to other men:
Nay, tis thy Language, and for it I thank;
Curses can afford no finer speech than thanks;
I give thee with a good will, and a good will I



Passion and Discretion in
Youth and Age.

 Hen that arch light, which makes things made
appeare, (neare;
Dame natures Nurse, bright *Phœbus* doth draw
And from our Clymate, this times guider, *Sol*
Cals winter backe to the Antarticke Pole:
Then doth our late frost-bitten regions smile,
Our piercing ayre, cold winds and fruitles soyle,
All suffer change, yea cheerished by the Sun
All things beneath rejoyce in what is done.

The earth puts on its rich, and sweet attyre,
Sweete to the sense, and rich to the desire.
Fish in the waters do both scip and flote:
Birds in the ayre tune a melodious note;
Beasts on the earth, yea Nature seemes to sing
By signes of joy to well-come in the spring.

Now shall these creatures in subjection pent,
Declare such signes and tokens of content,
These sensles creatures glory in this measure,
And in their youth, the spring time take such pleasure?
And shall not I, who hitherto lay hid,
Like Natures pow'r, in winter time, as dead?
In this my spring time have a cheerefull voyce,
Now in my youth be merry and rejoyce?

Now, in my veines, my late coole blood runs warme :
 My former feeble joynts are now growne firme :
 My vitall spirites are reviv'd within :
 My outward parts to answer them begin :
 Yea all my pow'rs are quick : my cheekes are glowing :
 Where Nature fetherth its perfection showing.

Now shall not I, I say, rejoyce : sure yes ;
 Contentment cannot be deni'd in this :
 Both sense, and reason leaves it without blame :
 All creatures living do approve the same.
 Then shall I so degenerate from kinde,
 Or swarve from sense, and reason in my minde ?
 Against all reason, liberry, and truth
 As to refuse the sweet contents of youth ?
 No sure, I feele no such desire as this,
 I will not thus deprive my selfe of blisse.

Smile then I will upon mine owne desires,
 And yeeld to what my tender heart requires :
 Let loose my thoughts, unbound my appirite,
 And feed my fancie upon each delight.

Nature hath now set beauty in my face,
 And with proportion done my body grace :
 Rich gemmes each of them and of vertue rare,
 But found united are without compare.
 Beauty, its very name doth yeeld delight ;
 Its matchlesse nature soares a greater height :
 Yea reacheth to the heavens, from whence it came :
 And is on earth the mirror of the same.

Then having this most admirable part,
 How highly may I value my desert ?
 What deepe contentment may I therein take ?
 And with what favours meet with for its sake ?

For, although I had nothing else to move,
This would perswade, is feared so above,
Yea Conquer when it list, for where the tryall
Is made by beauty, who can make deniall?

Againenow Noble Fortitude of minde,
With strength of body to my courage joyn'd,
May make me truly glory in the same,
And labour to Eternalize my name,
By valiant enterprises for my Prince:
Or deedes of valour in mine owne defence.

Besides, now learning, knowledge, art, or wit,
Are for my apt, and tender yeares most fit:
These be aspiring faculties of praise,
These be the pride, and glory of our dayes.

What greater pleasure can my heart request?
Here may I lift my selfe above the rest,
And smiling, wonder at the vulgar sort,
Whose ignorance doth make my wisdom sport:
Here may I search the secrets of Nature,
And thence, to make mine owne content the greater,
Behold each hidden mystery that lurkes
In the profundity of Natures workes:
Nay, which is higher, thus I may define,
Things above Nature, heavenly and divine.

But had I not these matchlesse gifts of minde,
Nor yet my parts more bodily, refin'd,
Yet, having but the gifts of fortune lent me,
But store of wealth, but worldly riches plenty,
What need I care? wealth is the onely thing
Which, unto most, doth most contentment bring.

Strength, wit, and beauty, learning, art, and such,
Are in their natures to be valu'd much,

And, of the truly wise, are so respected:
 Yet, without wealth, we find them oft neglected;
 If not contemned. Strength is counted vaine:
 Beauty deceitfull: wit affords no gaine:
 Art's little usefull: Learning's lesse regarded:
 Thus things most good, becomes most ill rewarded,
 And all because the Authours hand doth place them,
 Where wealth affords not countenance to grace them.

Oh precious riches, whatsoere men say,
 Wealth is the chiefeſt earthly god beares sway:
 Concludes most cases, of the wise approv'd,
 Of most desired, and is best belov'd.
 All this is true, and yet, for my part, know
 I take no care to gaine such riches though:
 My sublime thoughts fly higher, and have wings
 Which carry my desires above such things:
 And in my heart I count such doters vaine
 As for such trifles doe molest their braine,
 As earthly riches: which are gain'd with care,
 And, being gotten are posselt in feare.

The sad employments of such fretting cares
 Are much unfitting for my tender years;
 And quite against my nature, which, I finde,
 Is unto sweeter liberty inclin'd.

My Parents they their youthfull time have spent,
 And in their youth, tooke part of youths content:
 But now growne ſtaid, and wanton thoughts ſuppreſt,
 More weighty ſtudies doe become them beſt:
 Let them take care for getting gaine; not I:
 Their ſaving wiſedome muſt my want ſupply.
 The elder for the younger doth provide,
 As by a Law in Nature ſtrictly ty'd:

Discretion in youth.

3

Especiall the Parent for the Childe.
It is the care of creatures brute and wilde
To feede and foster up their young : but then
Much more the care of reasonable men.

And afterward if I a Parent be,
He doe for mine, as Parents doe for me.
He then be carefull of these outward things :
And slip no meanes that shew of profit brings :
But count it duty, as it is indeed,
To make provision for my tender seed.

The meane time Parents will, I hope, be won
To give me leave to doe as they have done,
To seeke to fit my selfe unto the time,
And, like to all things, flourish in my prime,
Now in my youth be youthfully inclin'd,
With youthfull pleasures satisfie my minde,
And take those freedoms due unto my state ;
Youth justly pleades its liberties are great.

Which, if my Parents labour to reſtraine,
Injustice will appeare therein so plaine
That Parents shall be pleased to give way ;
Or I excus'd, if I doe not obey.

Discretion.

BUt stay, mad Passion, whether dost thou run ?
Fond and mistaken sense, what hast thou done ?
By what illusions hast thou shovne thy skill,
To make my reason subject to my will ?
Thy motives and thy Rhetoricke are such,
As may perswade, and doe perswade too much :

B 3.

But.

But soothing Passion, whatsoere is past,
I now resolve to answer thee at last.

All things created doe observe their time,
And doe by nature flourish in their prime:
From whence thou labourst to infer for truth,
That I by nature should rejoyce in youth.
All which, in part, I doe acknowledge true,
And Nature seemes to challenge it as due,
And therefore may not be deny'd by me,
In ought where sense with reason doth agree.

But if my nature would beare all the sway,
And make my reason to my sense obey,
I doe in reason no such justice see,
To let my reason so subjected be:
Besides, I doe my youthfull nature finde,
So much unto the worlds delights inclin'd,
That my estate, in this respect, requires
The greatest care to bridle my desires.

Then restless Passion, keepe thy selfe retir'd,
I with thy Fury need not be inspir'd,
Nor will I, if I can the same prevent,
I trust, without thee, to reape best content.

Come then, Oh! come then, be advis'd by reason,
Mine owne deare selfe, this is the onely season.
The fruitfull learch doth afterward make knowne
What seed was in it in the Spring time sowne.
The stocke, with what tis grafted in the Spring,
Such fruite doth forth for ever after bring.
And with what scent the vessel first is filld,
The favour of it is not soone expeld.

Such is thy apt and youthfull nature, know,
What now is sowne in thee is like to grow:

What

What habite now is good will prove the strongest;
 What custome now is learn'd, will last the longest;
 And therefore it doth now concerne thee, sure,
 To have most care to keepe thy selfe secure,
 To seeke content where reason doth admit,
 To settle thy desires in what is fit,
 That thou hereafter maist not cry, in vaine,
 I learn'd what now I would unlearn againe.

Thou then, my selfe, whose safety is mine owne,
 And favour mine, that unto thee is showne,
 As thou hast a respect unto Discretion,
 I doe advise thee to be ware of Passion,
 And labour to discover those deceites,
 Whose gall lyes hidden in most pleasant baits:
 Yea though most neare and deare unto thee, seated
 In thine owne bosome, let them be defeated.

If thine owne heart, which is to the most deare,
 Would fall in love with any creature here,
 Before thou dar'st to render thy consent,
 Thou must take heed there be no danger in't.

Or if that any more inferiour part
 Of body, or of mind, would plead desert,
 As if they were some excellence allow'd,
 Which vainely might induce thee to be proud:
 Here it behooves thee to have speciall care,
 To arme thy selfe against this inbred snare,
 This bosome brat, which will not be excluded;
 That by thy selfe, thou be'st not selfe-deluded.
 It (as in Youth it often comes to passe)
 Thy wanton eye, views beauty in thy glasse,
 Whose beames, reflecting, would thy thoughts inflame
 With any admiration of the same,

Trust

Trust not thine eye, nor yet thy glasse too faire,
They both decee it full, both uncertaine are.

But say thy beauty be the same indeed
That it appears, yea though it doth exceed,
Yet weigh the honey of it with the gall,
And thou shalt see the vantage of it small.

It gaine much favour, and is most alluring;
Tis true, but favour gain'd by its procuring,
Is sometimes such as yeelds a present friend,
But seldome chaste, and constant to the end;
For looke as beauty fades and weares away,
So doth such friendship vanish and decay.

It tis alluring, tis indeed, but how
To that which modest vertue doth allow
Sure no, the nature of it doth intice,
In humane faces, rather unto vice.

Againe, tis beauty that doth beare the praise,
And oft doth unto much preferment raise.
Indeed tis so; upon the sudden oft
It from the dunghill, doth draw up a lof.
But what this Sun-shine doth exhale, like raine,
Falls, for the most part, in a clond againe.

And for the praise and vertue on't, suspicion
So often brings the truth of it in question,
That all the comfort which doth in it lye,
As it appears, is but to feed the eye,
Whiles it doth glister, whiles it doth indure,
Which every little shaddow doth obscure.

But if thou wouldst give beauty an excuse,
Then of thy beauty strive to make this use
That as thy Youthfull face is faire, as cleere
Thy vertues may unto the world appeare,

That

Discretion in Youth.

That so thy face, this outward grace assign'd,
May shew the inward beauties of thy mind.

Or hast thou strength, and in thy bosome glowing
A resolution of thy courage showing?
This is in youth so farre from being blam'd,
That it deserveth rather to be fam'd,
Provided still that reason be thy guide
In thy attempts to have thy manhood tryd.

What lively youth with noble courage franght?
To Martiall feats and Descipling well taught?
It doth deserve the highest commendation,
It is the pride, and safety of a Nation:
Nay, which is more, where *Mars* is thus obey'd,
It makes the very enemy afraid.

All this may be admitted, this I grant:
But all this gives thee no such cause to vant,
Mine owne fraile flesh, yea fraile and weake indeed,
As to presume, or boist on such aged,
On such a tottering, such a feeble stay,
And which remaines so subject to decay,
That the most silly creature can be thought
May in a moment bring thy strength to nought.

Or art indu'd with any other part,
Which would induce to boast of thy desert?
As wit, as knowledge, learning, Art, or such,
These are indeed, to be esteemed much:
Yea these same pow'rs and faculties of minde,
I do confesse are of the highest kinde,
And do deserve the highest commendation:
Yet these remaine so subject unto passion,
That these, in many, do become most vaine,
Where pow'r is wanting passion to restraine:

And so much lifts up their conceits therein
 That they almost forget that they are men.
 This, mine owne selfe, too often comes to passe,
 Men are deluded, looking in this glasse:
 Then let not this, which should be all thy stay,
 From thine owne selfe thus steale thy selfe away.
 But rather as, the further thou dost learne,
 The further still thou dost thy wants descerne;
 So from the sight of what thou hast not gain'd,
 All pride of what thou hast may be restrayn'd.

Or hast thou wealth, which makes the greatest boast,
 And is the onely thing desir'd of most;
 And that full oft whose radiant golden rayes
 Makes Youth appeare so glorious in our dayes.
 Hast thou, I say, this worlds deluding grace?
 Which hath almost thrust vertue out of place:
 Yet let it be of no such dominion be,
 No such effect, mine owne deare heart, in thee.

What though thou hast the meanes, which is thy
 To make thee to be wanton, vaine, and bold? (gold,
 Yet Nature in thy face sits so demure,
 That modestie becomes thee better sure.

What though thou peradventure, mayst despence,
 Thy stat's so great, with any small offence?
 Yet do not so offend, though not for feare,
 Yet for the love thou dost to vertue beare:
 For vertue in thy brest now scene to blome
 Will fore-tell fruits of fame in time to come.

Yea what although thy wealth were of that worth
 That it could yeeld thee all delights on earth?
 Yet wisdom would advise thee to take heed,
 For moderations sake, not to exceed;

For to be moderate will grace thee more,
In this thy youth, then all thy earthly store:
And in thy pleasures yeeld thee that content
Which grosse excesse could never tast of in't.

Besides excesse in any thing's unfit,
Though, otherwise, men do the thing admit:
Then what mayst thou expect shall be thy gaine,
If thou exceedst in any thing is vaine?
As, for the most part, all the pleasures here
Are, as abus'd, how's ever they appeare:
How much so ever they mens tastes delight,
How beautifull so ever to mens sight,
Or what content so ever they pretend,
They are both vaine, and failing in the end.

This is most true; though youth may answer no;
But aske old age and it will say tis so,
Well grounded age, whose horry head is fraught
With much experience many yeares have taught.

And therefore surely mine owne selfe, tis meet,
Though youthfull pleasures for a time be sweet,
That thou doest alwayes labour to fore-see,
What may the issue of thy pleasures be.
That when the pleasures of thy youth be past,
Repentance brings not sorrow at the last,
And makes thee in thy age confesse this truth,
Most idle are the fond delights of youth.

Passion.

BUt must I be thus heedfull, thus precise?
Thus in my youth let age before my eyes?

And through that pale-fac'd object thus be brought ?
 To spend my youthfull dayes in carefull thought ?
 As if my yeares no pleasure were allow'd,
 Or that my Fate were shaddow'd by a cloud,
 From whence my fortunes most obscure became,
 And I borne onely to bewaile the same.

Is this my wofull bondage ? surely no,
 I may take greater liberty then so ;
 Youth may be youthfull, tis in reason fit,
 Both Law and Nature doth give way to it :
 Then wherefore should I thus my selfe debar
 Those youthfull pleasures thus admitted are ?
 Be Metamorphis'd thus, in youth turne old,
 In heate of Nature, dry, and dull, and cold ?
 Besides example the contrary teacheth,
 And through the world the practice of it preacheth :
 Youth doth enjoy delights in greatest measure,
 And is besides most capaple of pleasure :
 And, through the firnesse of its nature known,
 Delights in youth are to a custome grown ;
 Which custome is become the onely praise
 Of youthfull yeares, in these our wanton dayes.

And therefore he that keeps himselfe retyr'd,
 And shuns those merriments of youth desir'd,
 The world accounts him but a home-bred scrub ;
 One crept out of *Diogenes* his tub :
 Or one whose ingenuitie is small,
 His wit as little, breeding none at all ;
 And thereupon doth hold him in such scorne
 As if that he were such a Monster borne
 As were to nursing nature a disgrace,
 And to the world a blemish in his place.

This is the censure which the world doth give,
Of youth which most disconsolately live,
As, knowing their defects, to hide the same,
They keepe themselves from company for shame.

Now were it wisdome in me do you thinke,
Whiles I may safely float a loft, to sinke?
Whiles I may swimme in pleasure and in joy,
To drowne my selfe in sorrow and annoy?
No, doubtlesse, this were vaine in me indeed,
To take such thought in youth were more than need:
To vex my selfe I need not go about,
For sorrowes will come fast enough without,
I in my way shall meet with griefe and woe,
Although I seeke not for them as I goe.

Besides tis certaine, if I live till age,
I then must change my tyre upon the stage,
And act the part of sorrow, in despite
Of all my former pleasure and delight.

Tis thus deare selfe, what answer dost thou make?
I now, or never must my pleasure take:
Resolve me therefore, make the meaning plaine,
Shall I abandon all delights as vaine?
Shall I no more be ravish'd with delight
In courting beauty drest in red, and white?
Must I forsake all recreations past,
My hawkes, my hounds, my musicke, and the rest?
And, which is most, unto the pleasant crew
Of my companions must I say adieu?
Shun all the sweete society of men,
Hannting with beasts, some solitary den:
And, like a carefull object of despaire,
In stead of scarlet, cloy my selfe in haire?

What sayst thou? tell me, must I? mine own heart,
 Become thus chang'd thus alter'd in each part?
 Methinks I feele thee troubl'd in my brest,
 As if these motions did disturbe thy rest;
 And heare thee sounding in my listning eare,
 What need I thus consume my selfe with care,
 And loose all pleasure and content of minde
 By curbing my affections in this kinde?
 Old winter may be sare, and weeping seene,
 But let the Spring delightfull be and greene:
 So gray heads may from gravity have grace;
 But pleasant smiles adorne a youthfull face.

What though in age, if I attaine to it,
 I must be grave, I must be merry yet?
 There is a time for mourning, and for laughter,
 Mirth now befits, and mourning best hereafter.

Nor neede I, living, as men dying may,
 Fare-well to all the worlds contentments say,
 No this were cruell, wonderfull amisse,
 To put my life to such a death as this.
 And therefore let not these conceits disquiet thee,
 Mine owne deare heart, I will not thus affright thee,
 Not thus with night conclude thy day at noone,
 Alas, not yet, tis yet by oddes to soone:
 No, thou shalt have dominion in me still,
 My freedome's greatest when thou hast thy will.

And you those pleasures, which are my delight,
 I will not cut off our acquaintance quite,
 Nor of your comforts make too much delay,
 But take my pleasure in you whiles I may.

Nor shall you my companions be forsaken,
 With whom I have so often pleasure taken,

I will not so your company refrainē,
But that we may be merry once againe:
For though some earth-worme, which hath neither
Nor part of man, accounts our meetings vaine, (braine,
Yet, for the most part, all men that have spirit,
Or are of any breeding, wit, or merit,
Do often our society frequent,
And therein take much pleasure and content.

And is not this a fitting practise then
Which is in such great estimate with men?
Yes, out of question, my Companions deare,
There is no greater comfort for us here,
No race more pleasant vnderneath the Sun
Then this for youth, especially, to run.

Discretion in Youth.

Fraile flesh what meanst thou, why art in this passion?
How art become deluded in this fashion?

But wherefore should I question in this kind
When tis thy nature to be thus inclin'd?
Yea, mine owne flesh, I know thy nature's such
As doth delight in wanton pleasure much:
Thy fond affections now are in their pride,
And sense most striving to be satisf'd.

Besides, the world's example I confesse,
Is in this kinde predominate no lesse:
Which forces in rebellion joyn'd, what Daw
Is sound of force to keepe such foes in awe?
What Conquest more unlikely to be had?
What combat more disconsolate and sad?

Then

Then striving to such enemies subvert
As are most neere and deare unto the heart :

And thou deare selfe, whom I would not delude,
To gaine a kingdome, though the way were shew'd :
Whats'ever in thee nature would excuse,
Or custome would occasion thee to use,
I tell thee, if thou wilt not go aside,
Then must not sense, but reason be thy guide :
And reason will direct thee in thy way,
And call thee backe when sense would go astray :
And closely whisper, Nature got a staine,
And ever since became corrupt and vaine.

That howsoever natures face be cleere,
And may be thought the same it doth appeare :
Yet nature inwardly is much defil'd,

Prov'd an imperfect, or abortive child,
Or to speake truly, if we so may construe,
Is from a perfect creature, turnd a monster ;
Ever producing those effects in men
Which once by nature never could have beene.

And therefore if thou dost sit still or idle
Thou dost let sense or nature have the bridle,
No doubt but they will carry thee with force,
Will hurry thy affections out of course,
And proffer thee a thousand pleasures, such,
Like *Sodoms* fruit, as vanish with a touch,
Or being tasted, like the Bee, doth bring,
After the honey, a tormenting sting.

These are the bitter, sweet contentments, found
Which, for the most part, Nature doth propound,
To such as do affect it best of all,
Sweete to the taste, but in the stomacke gall.

See then, deare selfe, what Nature is indeede
 That of thy nature so thou mayst take heed:
 It once was pure, but now tis nothing such;
 It hath some honey, but more gall by much.
 Now if thou hast the wildome, as tis meet,
 To leave the bitter, and receive the sweet,
 To taste the honey, and the sting avoid;
 To take those pleasures which may be enjoyd,
 And leave the other which forbidden be,
 Then happy art thou in a high degree.

But, mine owne heart, this is a worke of wonder,
 The sweet and fower are hard to put a sunder,
 There must much force and violence be shewne
 To part those have so long together growne:
 Thy nature will be what it hath beene still,
 Unlesse thou dost rebellion in it kill,
 And conquer those affections in thy minde,
 To which by nature thou art most inclin'd,
 And so thy selfe within thy selfe subdue,
 Which is as hard as making of thee new.

Oh victory of victories the blisse!
 All conquests else are nothing unto this:
 To win a City, overcome in field,
 Force armies of thy enemyes to yeeld,
 To subdue Nations, gaine a triple Crowne,
 Yet win the world and all the worlds renowne,
 Alas tis small, tis vaine, tis fading, tuff,
 Tis, in respect of this, not worth a puff.

This may seeme harsh unto thee, I confesse;
 Now in thy Youth, as tis indeede no lesse:
 Now when in Nature thou shouldst most delight,
 Thus against nature to contend and fight.

But this must now thy combat be and care,
 If thou hereafter wilt the Garland weare,
 If thou wilt be a valiant Champion held,
 Thou now must make these enemies to yeeld,
 Now in thy strength these foes of thine subdue,
 Which will more courage in thy weaknesse shew:
 Then arme thy selfe, resolve to see it done,
 Now in thy youth, tis not a whit too loone.
 What though the world account this wiledome vain?
 And its young fondlings hold it in disdain,
 Because it tendeth onely to debaile
 The world those joyes its chiefe contentments are?
 Yet thou must know the world doth erre in this,
 And sense is subject to conceive amisse,
 And therefore thou must not thy selfe referre
 Unto their censure if thou wilt not erre.

The worlds fond minions may deride thy wayes,
 What though they do, their scandall is thy praise,
 And unto good and wise men will declare
 Thy sober carriage, and thy Christian care, (sure,
 Who, rather than thou wouldst passe bounds or mea-
 Wouldst thus expose thy selfe to their displeasure.

Besides, how so ever senselesse youths conclude
 To love that best which doth them most delude,
 To prize those pleasures at the highest rate
 Which soonest both consumes them and their state:
 Yet, for the most part, such as flourish most,
 And of their folly makes the greatest boast,
 (So long as nature gives their bodies force,
 And Fortune meanes to follow on their course)
 These, finding in them natures force decaying,
 Or Fortune failing, or at least delaying,

These men of ill become most bold in forme,
 As men depoyt, or put of fashion wombe:
 Men point at them, and in dishonour
 Is all their state, and pleasure cometh thus:
 These are the fruits good fellowship affords,
 With other bitter and dishonourfull words.

See then deare selfe, the issue of excellēce,
 That in thy selfe thou mayst the same expresse,
 That thou hereafter be not forc'd to grant,
 Most vainly did I wait, what now I want:
 Unhappy man, I counted counsell vaine,
 But now my pride's requir'd with disdaine:
 My dearest friends did sorrow for my pain,
 But now my selfe do justly feele the smart:
 Thus, mine owne heart, it often comes about,
 With headstrong youth it falls thus hardly out.

Then, though the idle censure of our daies,
 To youth most wanton gives the greatest praise,
 Yet sith thou see'st their pleasures are but vaine,
 Whiles men enjoy them whiles they do remaine:
 Which out of question, cannot long be had,
 But quickly vanish, and their end is bad:
 What needst thou at thine owne condition wrangle,
 Or thinke their vaine felicity too much?

Their pleasures are but shadowes of delight,
 Their day but a fore-summer of the night:
 Their sun shines doth but signifie a flame,
 Their soundest joy but a deceiving chaine:
 Then let not these deluding shewes betray thee,
 Nor yet the censure of the world dismay thee:
 The profress of the one are not to trust,
 The scandall of the other is unjust.

And therefore surely, neither of them fit
 To be thy guide, though they may teach thee wit.
 Come then, deare selfe, forsake these shadows meeke,
 And let some substance give direction here,
 Let Reason now give answer in thy Youth,
 That is, indeed an Oracle of Truth:
 That will not wrong thy tender yeares for gaine:
 Nor count thy care of moderation vaine:
 But rather tell thee it adorns thee best,
 Thou canst not in a richer type be drest:
 Nor for thy Young and tender age more meet:
 For moderation is a vertue sweet,
 Wherein doth fully lye confin'd and pent
 All the rich treasures of allowd content.
 But that which doth in any kind exceed
 Is, doubtlesse vaine, because tis more than need.

Passion.

Good and wise counsell tis indeed, and fit
 For men of age and gravity: but yet
 For me, which am but in my Youth, and weak,
 How can I doe, what others can but speake?
 Thus of my freedome to become debar'd,
 Which is a taske for older men too hard.
 Severest Stoickes, Passion most restraining,
 Cato and Plato, pleasures most restraining,
 These in their youth were youthfull, though grown old
 These, out of envy, must have youth contrould.
 And should I seeke (as very few have done)
 To Canonize my selfe a Saint to loone,

I should be fitter, as it doth appeare,
By ten degrees, to live in heav'n then here:

Here men are men, and must be so inclin'd,
Or else they doe degenerate from kind:
And, if I meane to build upon this frame,
I must conforme my selfe unto the same:
I must not sadly sit alone and sleepe,
When other Youth doe pleasant revells keepe.

Besides, now Nature doth most sweetly move,
With most delight, to be belov'd, and love;
Affection now is powerfull in my brest,
It sets before me undetermin'd rest:
Shewes me a creature in whose face doth shine
Most rare perfections, morall and Divine:
And will not leave me till I give consent
To gaine this object of such deep content.

And shall I goe about to quench this flame,
To dash these fortunes ere I taste the same?
And loose this Price, this infinite of treasure,
By being sad, which might be gain'd by pleasure?

Or shall I be so ignorantly wise,
My love, with shewes of hatred to disguise?
And what I most desire, thinke best to gaine
By foolish fained tokens of disdain.

And thereupon, as with despaire possesst,
Refuse all meanes that proffer my request:
As if my fortunes warranted the same,
But I refuse, as one deboyft, for shame?
Or when that I with merriment should wooe,
Shall I then sigh, and say what shall I doe?
And, when the opportunity is gone,
Then bind my selfe to sadly live alone:

LnA

D. 3.

And

And do my penance for my oversight
 In some dejected silly habit dyte:
 As, if that shews of misery thus great,
 Might move my love to pity my estate:
 Were this a subtile pollicy in me
 Were this a practise fit for my degree?
 No, surely no, this were but a conceite,
 These have no substance these are of no weight,
 Such cold weak motions are not like to move
 Within the ardent glowing brest of love.

But, if I would enjoy my love as wont,
 Which in my youth is fittest to be done:
 I must take all occasions that conduce
 Unto that happy heart contenting use,
 And prosecute the same without delay,
 In spite of greatest danger in the way.

I must be free and generous of minde,
 I must be unto youths delights inclin'd,
 I must be ever jovell with the rest,
 I must be in a compleat habit dress'd,
 And fit my selfe to feed my loves desire,
 Not onely in my talke, but my attire,
 For whatsoever inwardly, ye know,
 It is the outside that doth make the show.

And as affection by the eye is bred,
 So, for the most part, by the eye is fed:
 From whence its flames are ever the more cleare,
 The fairer that its object doth appeare:
 For this is certaine love hath most delight
 On fairest flowers to feed its appetite,
 Then farewell all severity, as cruell,
 Which in my heart of love would quench this fuel.

And through precisenesse, keepe me so confind,
To loose my love, the treasure of my minde.

I see, and smile to see, my love begin
To smile on me: may I not smile therein?
Come then deare love this kindnesse pleads desert,
This courtesie incourgeth my heart,
Yea though thou shouldst no other passage ope,
This should alone give maintenance to hope.

Henceforth I vow my service to thee then;
And, whatsoever formerly hath bene,
To do thee a pleasure now shall be my care,
Thy livery for colours I shall weare;
And looke what fashion shall content thee best,
That will I alwayes weare above the rest.

If my proportion answer not thy will,
My Taylor shall amend it by his skill;
Or if that cannot thy displeasure scape,
Then *Proteus* like, he seekes to change my shape,
And be created, or be form'd a new,
If not in substance, yet at least in hue;
Yea, so my love may take delight in me,
I care not what it cost, nor what I be.

Some fooles may count this my affection vaine;
But I must hold their malice in disdain:
My dearest friends may worke upon my minde,
In hope to make it otherwise inclin'd;
Yea urge, and threat the greatest punishment,
Yea seeke with teares to alter my intent;
Yet all their water cannot quench this fire,
But rather serves to kindle more desire,
For true affection yeelds so fierce a flame,
Resistance proves but bellows to the same.

Discretion.

OH grosse rebellion / how dost thou breake out
 What fearefull treachery dost thou goe about
 What heinous and intollerable treason

Against thy Prince and lawfull Sovereigne reason

Deare selfe, what art thou subject to such error

To give most honour to the most inferiour

To let those parts meere sensitive beare sway

Which should to reasons just commands obey

Thy reason is deluded by thy sense

And so thy judgement proves corrupted thence

Which makes thee to thinke best of that condition

Which is most pleasing to thy disposition.

Thus far meere beasts and savage creatures goe

They are as stayd and moderate as I doe

They, which of reason wholly are deny'd

And have but onely appetite for guide.

But thou must passe the savage creatures guise,

Because indu'd with reasons faculties

Or else the beast without these powers of mind,

May be preferd before thee in his kind.

Yea, mine owne heart, which dost by reason scan,

Thou must by reason shew thy selfe a man.

And alwayes unto reason yeeld subiection

Both in thy understanding, and affection.

Besides, thy youth is subject to obey

Affection, which in youth will run astray

And therefore thou must use the greatest ayd

Now in thy Youth to keepe affection stayd.

But

But here I doe not goe about to prove
 That thou in Youth shouldst disallow of love,
 So it be lawfull, but the thing admir,
 As in thy Youth most absolutely fit
 For love in Youth united, proves most pure,
 And is, againe, most likely to indure:
 Besides, it serves to settle the desire,
 Which otherwise Youth could not foretelle.

What then, deare fellow, why this must be thy care
 Not so much when to place thy love, as where;
 Not so much sway'd by sensuall delight,
 To rule thy reason by thy appetite.

Thou seest affection fetters like a chaine,
 It plac'd, is hard to be displac'd againe;
 And, like the seale which leaves the print behind,
 It makes a deepe impression in the mind.

And therefore, doubtlesse, it behooves thee much
 That in thy Youth thy providence be such,
 That thou hereafter dost not find this true,
 I had my will, but willfulness I rue:
 Yea, be resolved, mine owne tender heart,
 Youth which are willfull often feele this smart.

And therefore be, deare selfe, herein discerning,
 Let others sad experience give thee warning:
 Be well advi'd, stay thy affections, ponder,
 And, for a while, let reason keepe them under.

What, art thou to confirme a league in love?
 Which, once confirmed, must not then remove,
 But, like those lawes unchangeable, abides
 Till death, the parties joynd thus, divides:
 Art thou to doe this weighty thing indeed?
 Sure it requires the diligent heed,

The deepest meditation, and the best,
 Because the chiefest thing of all the rest,
 For if thy choyce be bad, thy joyes are done,
 If otherwise, they are but then begun:
 For in thy choyce consisteth peace, or strife,
 In it remains the issues of thy life:
 For that whereto thou now thy selfe dost binde,
 That is the portion thou must looke to find.
 Tis so deare selfe, then ere this knot be ty'd,
 Consider well, let counsell be thy guide:
 Such can instruct thee, best directions frame,
 As have had just experience of the same.

But, above all these, thou must have respect
 Unto the way thy Parents doe direct,
 For their consent, and blessing in this thing
 Doth, with their owne, Gods blessing also bring:
 And where the Parents fit consent is missing,
 There, for the most part, God affords no blessing.
 This is a rule in generall most fit,
 And thou in duty must acknowledge it.

But yet there are some Parents in this kind,
 Which are so much unto the earth inclin'd,
 That, if their children will not have their blame,
 They must, like them, be marry'd to the same:
 For earth, and earthly things is all their ayme,
 Those are the onely heritage they claime:
 Without the least regard of what is fit,
 Either in vertue, breeding, shape, or wit.

Now such as these, which onely doe be lay
 To, basely, mould their children up in clay,
 And thinke them then in heav'n, when they, poor
 In earth possesse, ly scrambling like mowles.

Such

Such men as these must not be too unkind
Although their children beare a better mind.

Nor are their children to be blam'd, although
They, stead of duty, doe their wisdom show,
And rather follow reason for their guide,
Than duty, which would lead them thus aside:
This freedome may in modesty be us'd,
And, upon such necessity excus'd.

But, my deare selfe, make thou not this a snare,
Upon this freedome, cast not off all care;
But to thy parents willingly incline,
So far as reason doth with duty joine.

But above all things aym'd at in thy choyce,
Let vertue please thee, make thee most rejoyce,
For vertue herein must be valu'd higher,
Than either Parents, or thine owne desire.

Parents are to be reverenc'd, as due;
Riches may be respect'd too, is true:
Good breeding's to be honour'd in election:
And beauty seemeth to command affection.
Yet beauty, riches, breeding, or good birth,
All, without vertue, are but little worth.
And though these outward things cannot be had,
If vertue may, the choyce cannot be bad.

Besides, if in thy choyce thou hast the grace
To ayme at vertue in the chiefeest place,
Then needst thou use no apish imitation
In thy attire, by following the fashion:
Devising fondly to new forme each part:
As if thy skill exceed Natures art.

No, these are fruitlesse, and accounted vaine
Within that brest where vertue doth remaine;

And rather serves thy weaknesse to discover,
Then any way delight a vertuous Lover.

To be thus fond or vaine in this condition,
Doth but ingender, or beget suspicion,
Because immodesty in the attire
Doth note immoderation in desire,
Imports a want of wit, and doth impart

A shrewd presumption of a wanton heart
That all such fondnesse, or as vaine expence

Are lost, where vertue hath its residence;
For vertue stoups to no such baits as they,
But soares a pitch is far above such prey.

Like as the precious Diamond, which but
By Diamond, or nothing, can be cut.

So love, in vertues brest, will take no print
But onely that which vertue doth indent.

That vertue is the onely way to wooe,
And eke to win, where vertue hath to doe.

Let vertue then be first thine owne, and sure
Thou shalt prevaile, where vertue doth indure:

For like to like, most willingly incline;
And vertues met, most readily doe joyne:

Which joy'd, what tongue is able to expresse
The joy such vertuous bosomes doe possesse:

No change can turne their honey into gall,
Because that vertue makes good use of all;

Resembling much, though in a lower kind,
The heavenly highest marriage of the mind.

Passion.

Passion.

WHat strange harsh strictnes is here urged still?

As if that Love could be confin'd at will?

My love is settl'd, where I hope to finde

Those vertues which are pleasing to my minde.

Shall Parents then, whose sight is not so cleare

To see the Truth before it doth appeare,

Condemne my choyce, as wonderfull to blame,

Before they know the tryall of the same?

Deare friends, I know you wish me not amisse,

But you may erre as well as I in this.

In this my choyce may blessings hidden lye,

Which deepest insight cannot yet descry.

And that same choyce which you account the best,

May prove, perhaps, the worst of all the rest.

For, whatsoever the appearance sheweth,

It tis the tryall manifests the truth.

Besides, what reason can that choyce admit

Where love doth want, though otherwise most fit?

For my part nothing ever shall me move

To joyne in marriage, where I cannot love.

Deare Parents then remaine content I pray,

And unto this my choyce in love give way,

Let not supposed dangers make you dread,

I trust your feares are greater than they need,

But why doe I thus vainely spend my wind

To invoke my parents in this kind?

When as I see, they will not give consent,

But are against me obstinately bent.

Is this their love to answer my request?
 Or else their care to keepe my body chaste?
 Must I my deepe affection fixt remove,
 Or lose my portion, with my Parents love?
 Unhappy creature, cruell is my fate,
 Most comfortlesse, most desperate my state:
 What sorrowes are sufficient to declare
 The destiny that falls unto my share?

But what will sorrow ease me of this woe?
 Or be a meanes to change my fortunes? No,
 To adde, unto my sad condition, grieve
 Can not in any kind afford reliefe,
 But rather serves to aggravate the smart,
 Which hath already seas'd upon my heart.
 Then farewell care and sorrow in this case
 I will seeke merry company for ease,
 I will unto some Taverne now repaire,
 And seeke for ease of Melancholly there:
 For there no doubt, I shall occasion finde
 To drive these cares and sorrowes from my minde:
 Yea take some merry humour on me, rather
 Then fondly prove dejected altogether.

The Humorist.

Come then, well met, mine one Companion, stay,
 Thy company will drive all dumps away:
 My humor's crost; but come, that feate is thine,
 By this good rogue mine Host: here's excellent wine.

His Companion.

Believe me sir, I cannot stay, for haste
 Doth call me hence; and yet at your request,
 Ile taste your wine, because it gives delight.

Hu. Well, doe, and tell me if it be not right.

Co. I marry sir, beleeve me this is he,
You have some judgement now indeed, I see.

Hu. Ifaith tis good, but pry thee sit thee still,
And taste it well, and tell me then thy skill:
Here's to thee once againe, and by this bowle,
Unto a friend of thine, a dainty soule:
And this same swad mine Host shall pledg't I sweare.

Co. Why come sir then, protest I doe not care,
He stay a while and here's this cup of wine
To you mine Host, and to a friend of mine,

The Host. To me good sir? I thank you for your love,
And I shall pledge you ere I doe remove.
And yet you Gallants, shall I tell you plaine?
This sacke, did so intoxicate my braine
The other night, it made its sinews cracke:
And yet some say it doth assist the backe.
But I can fetch what shall its fury choke;
I have a pipe of the most precious smoke
All Europe yeelds: And sir, my service now
In this same cup I represent to you.

Hu. To me, thou monster and true *Cerberus* breed,
Why here's a dainty damned rogue indeed:
Well th'art a beagle for the chase, no doubt,
And, were I at a losse, couldst find it out.

Now harke, I pry thee, twere a pretty jest,
To fox this horson horny-headed beast,
And call my Hostesse; for I see the elfe
Could gladly make a cook-cold of him selfe.

Co. Good faith it seemes he car'd not for a straine;
Provided with a pox, it brought in gaine:
But hang't, me thought as I this Hostes view'd,
She look'd as if she had beene lately stew'd.

Hu. Oh:

Hu. Oh out upon her hackney whore, damnation,
Her breath is fit to breed the Visitation;
Ile see her damu'd ere I. But now I thinke;
By happy fortune on'r, before I drinke,
Ile drinke a health, and with my truest heart,
Ev'n from the very middle of this quart;
Unto a friend a favourite of mine,
So sweet a creature, beautifull, divine.

Now woman living with more vertues grac'd, I waite vpon
So courteous, kind, so constant, and too chaste: in boy of
And, by this light sir, prythee let me craue thee,
Thou shalt receive this honour'd health, He have thee:
Here's to thee, with my cap upon the ground, by my hand
Ah, this same licket keeps my inwards sound;
Come drawer quicke, come empty this same quart;
And, *Dicke*, some smoke, come forth thou knave, where

Ho. Here sir, oh pardon, I was busi'd much;
But here's a pipe this Land hath little such.

Hu. This Land, thou pratt'st, thou might'st have goneto
And fetch't it since; but *Dicke* let's taste it, come: (*Rumour*)
Ah, *dicke* my villaine, this is of the prime;
Ile take thy word, my boy, another time.

Co. Beleeve me sir, this smoke is not too thick, with this

Hu. No faith, tis good, but here's the pint of sack,
By *Phæbus* light, thou shalt not say me no;
Come pry-thee take and pledge this health, why so?
This cook cold, collier, I should say my Will
Shall have it too: tis well sir, drawer quicke,
Another quart, this smoke requires some licket:

Here *dicke*, here's that will make thy business be quicker,
Tis all thine owne, yea every drop is from

Ho. Who I sir, no, beleeve you now forbeare;

What

What will you make me lose my wits indeed?

Hu. Foole, lose thy wits? tis true, thou hast much
To stand at this, when ten times this a day
Is but thy dyet; come turne of, I say,
Protest thou shalt, whats ere thou dost reply.

Ho. Protest I cannot sir: and yet Ile try.

Hu. See here, I pray, this Porpus could not drinke,
And yet had this same pinte beene three, I thinke,
His throate would hardly have beene satisfy'd:
But drawer quicke, we'll have these wants supply'd.
But sirra change this cup, Ile no more take
Such bowles as these, they make my braines to ake.

Co. Sir, you and I are herein well agreed,
For I am weary of these bowles indeed:
But if it please you, an I you meane to stay,
Let's rest a while, or spend some time in play.

Hu. Content, mine Host hast thou a paire of dice?
To try a chance in friendship is no vice:
And yet I have no mind unto these bones,
They did so anger, and delude me once.

Co. Good faith, sir, now I thinke upon the same,
The other day, by chance, I saw a game
Upon the cards, which did delight me more
Than any game I ever saw before,
It was, me thought, so pretty a conceit:
But what you please, the matter's of no weight.

Hu. At cards, or dice, I never purchas'd gaine,
But cards are counted basest of the twaine:
And therefore whither I doe win, or lose
I make the dice the instruments I choose.

Ho. Here sir, here's dice, and yet I should be doth,
But that I know your patient natures both.

Co. Come, fear not man; here shall no anger be;
Tis not these dice shall make us disagree;
And yet me thinks they prettily begin;
But, tush, tis not for both at once to win.

Ho. Good faith, sir, I commend your resolution;
The dice, no doubt, will make you restitution;
I see tis not for love of gaine you play,
But rather so to drive the time away.

Co. Mine Host tis true, for my part, I protest,
That let the dice run which way they thinke best.

Hu. Fore heav'ns, I thinke, tis I must take the care
To stay the dice, unlesse they ran more square:
Besides, you scramble up the dice so fast,
You will not give me leave to see my cast:
I thinke you need not shaddow what is throwne,
My chance is not so lucky when tis knowne:
Well, sure the dice are false, or else enchanted,
Or, I that throw them by some witch am haunted;
O: else they could not prove so much accurst,
That every chance should prove thus at the worst.

Ho. Have patience, Master, rest content a while;
The dice will turne, and frowning fortune smile:
Expect the best, and let your anger fall,
The end, I trust, will make a meanes for all.

Hu. The end? thou asse, hast thou so little wit
To thinke these dealings, or these dice are fit?
Ile burne them if they doe no better runne,
And then forswear such gamesters, and have done.

Co. Such gamesters, sir, such words as those I scorn,
I wrong'd you not at all: I may be sworne;
And herein if you doe suppose I lye,
Tis you that doe the wrong, sir, and not I:

I thought

I thought you had beene temperate before,
But since you say so much Ile play no more.

Hu. What, have you got my money in this way,
And now will offer not to hold me play?

Co. Fore heavens I care not, use your greatest skill,
You shall not make me play against my will.

Ho. In wrath, what meane you Gentlemen I pray?
Such old acquaintance and fall out at play?
You shall not Gallants, come be patient now;
Ile spend my quart of Sacke to see you throw:
Runne Drawer, Masters it doth vex my heart
That friends from my house should in anger part:
Here Noble sir, this quart I doe present
Upon condition you shall be content.

Hu. Come *Richard* come, thy rhetoricke is such,
To yeeld to hee, who living can thinke much?
Well sir, when you and I shall meet agen;
Youle give me leave to try my fortunes then?

Co. *Sw.* heavens forbid that I should say you nay,
Or seeke to doe you any wrong at play.

Hu. So then, here sir: but ere we doe begin,
Whose love shall we commemorate herein?
Protest a speciall friends of thine and mine,
That Ladies which would have us stay and dine:
And sir, youle pledge this health I dare be bold.

Co. Ile try my beames, if that my guts will hold,
But that Ile pledge that heavenly creature sure,
What punishment soever I endure.

Hu. Ah, how this Nectar vivifies my heart,
And addes fresh courage unto every part.
Now what man underneath the Coopes of Heaven
Will answer me upon occasion given?

Mars, here I stand, who dares except at this?
But sir, before my heart, you doe amisse,
You did not drinke so much as I, I see.

Co. Sir, but I did though; you mistaken be.

Hu. Who, I mistaken? by the devill no:
Come take your due, you shall not gull me so.

Co. I did you right, and Ile not be your gull.

Hu. Tis false, protest, you did not drink't so full?

Co. Protest tis false, whats'ere you doe reply.

Hu. Why then, it seemes, you will be sworne I lye
What lye? thou slave, give me the lye? away.

Co. What you will stab, yes stab y' had best; but stay

Ho. Oh, heav'ns my masters, what d'ye meane? in
Beseech you be content, what friends & fight? (spight?
Regard your reputations more, forbear,
Ile part you, come, you shall not fight I swear.

Hu. Who, thou? thou asse, thou slave, away stand by,
Ile be reveng'd, a slave, give me the lye?

Sdeath, is he gone? what art thou such an asse,
Or such a knave to let the cheater passe?
If that I live Ile be reveng'd by hell:

The meane time this shall teach me wit: farewell.

Ho. What are you angry, and will so be gone?
You have small reason for the same, or none.
But there's a reckoning left for you to pay,
Before you part, or else your horse shall stay;
I meane not to be thus abus'd, my friend,
And lose my reckoning by you in the end:
I tooke you to be better rul'd: and so
I doe intend to make you ere you goe.

Discretion.

See here, deare selfe, yea I beseech thee see
 What the hard happes of wilfull children be;
 Who will not parents wholsome rules obey,
 How justly heav'ns doe suffer them to stray,
 And leave them to the force of disposition
 Who did refuse most gentle admonition:
 As if affections lawes were better fane
 Then either reasons rules, or duties are.

But mine owne heart, thou must not thus conclude,
 Such grounds are false, and propositions rude:
 For duties fruite is blessednesse insuing;
 But disobedience fore-tells death, or ruine;
 Ruine, indeed, the worst we can relate,
 As of all goodnesse, body, and estate:
 As doth appeare by the precedent part,
 Where buitish Passion is describ'd by art.

Whose rude description such abuse declares
 As is offensive to all modest cares:
 Such impudence, as I, deare selfe, indeed,
 Both shake to write, and am a sham'd to read.

And therefore never should have beene indented,
 To foule my pen, nor yet by me invented,
 But that, deare selfe, my onely purpose here
 In making of these Passions thus appeare,
 Is thereby to detaine thee from the same,
 Which, thus fore-seen, thou mayst forbear for shame.

Least, failing in these Passions thus made knowne,
 Thine owne hand writing be against thee showne:

Which would be shame as great as the abuse,
 And serve to leave thee without all excuse.
 In which respect, the chasteſt care, I hope,
 Will both excuse my purpose, and my scope.

Know then, deare ſelfe, thou doſt thy ſelfe expoſe
 Both to the ſight, and cenſure of thy foes:
 Thou therefore now muſt be exceeding wary
 That in this nature thou doſt not miſcarry:
 For if thou doſt, the eyes of other men,
 Will be thy cruell over-ſeers then.

But haſt thou but that meaſure of Diſcretion
 So wiſely to unmaſke this drunken Paſſion,
 As to diſcerne it as it is indeed,
 With ſober eyes, ſevility and heed,
 It will appeare ſo odious in thy ſight,
 So moſt inhumane, ſuch a monſter right,
 That ev'n the very ſhape of it, I truſt,
 Will make thee to abhorre it as a uſt:
 To loath and ſhun it as thou doſt the devil,
 Becauſe, like him, tis abſolutely evill,

Besides, deare ſelfe, the ruine, ſhame and care,
 Which are the fruites that drunkenneſſe doth beare;
 May juſtly move thee to deteſt the thing
 Which in concluſion, doth confuſion bring.

Fiſt, it confounds the Legacy of fate,
 Conſumes and murtheres men in their eſtate;
 Moves them to venture their poſſeſſions large,
 And drinke downe all remembrance of the charge;
 Then hazard all their moveables to ſinke,
 Or ſuffer Ship-wracked in a Sea of drinke:
 And heedleſſe creatures, when thus run aſhore,
 Remaine deboyſt, dejected men, and poore.

Next

Next it confuses the truth and good name;
Brings a reproachfull scandall on the same.
Disgraceth birth, good breeding, learning, wit;
Or whatsoever otherwise is fit.

Besides, as tis an enemy to wealth,
So, in the body it decayes the health,
Confounds the senses, and corrupts the breath,
Brings foule diseases, and untimely death.

But lastly, that which most deludes the heart,
It doth confound the understanding part,
Benumbs the powers and faculties of minde,
Which, in this strange infatuated kinde,
Remaine as dead; and man becomes a beast,
Or worse, or in a worse estate at least.

God, of all creatures, hath made man the best;
Man makes himselfe the worst of all the rest.
God hath given man abilities Divine;
Man doth become more senselesse than the swine:
God in the forming man hath perfect been;
Man will undoe what God hath done therein.
For what is man, thus stupid in braine,
But a meere lump of senselesse Earth againe?
Deare selfe, observe this issue from excess,
These are the effects of savage drunkenness.

But here I goe not any way about
To bring thy sober liberty in doubt.
All friendly meetings and society
With such as have a care of piety.
But hold it fit, and of it doe approve
As a great means to breed good will and love;
And sure it may (though by abuse attended)
In its owne nature, justly be commended.

But

But here lyes that which doth undoe us still,
 That which, deare selfe, converts our good to ill,
 God in his mercy having daign'd to give us
 Innumerable good things to releve us,
 We out of weaknesse, either quite refuse them,
 Or in the using of them quire abuse them:
 Which most prepost'rous custome to suppress,
 Let love and friendship be without excess.



Passion in Age

Fond man what meant I? what was in my minde?
 When I was Youthfull how was I inclin'd?
 I then was heedlesse, ignorant, and blinde,
 And counted care of worldly gaine a vice:
 Youths chiefe contentments, vaine delights & pleasure
 Were all I sought for, they were then my treasure.
 I held them much wories, and in much disdain,
 That did not value pleasure above gaine:
 I felt no sorrow then for what I spent,
 Because it purchas'd that which gave content.

But now I see my error in the same,
 How foolish I was, and how farre to blame,
 How wanton pleasure did delude my minde,
 And wrought upon my weaknesse in this kinde.

How many opportunities most fit,
 Which both advice, and reason did admit,
 Of gaine or profit did I then neglect,
 Without all care in any such respect?

This

This was my folly, and is now my crosse,
Because I now have feeling of my losse,
And vaine expence: But were I young againe,
I would, I thinke, not be so mad, or vaine;
I would not be so idle in expence
To feed meere fancy or unbridl'd sense:
Nor should the mirth where mad companions meet,
Nor all the Syrens sugred charmes as sweet,
Nor whatsoever pleasure else as bad,
Yield me delight, where gaine might not be had.

For gaine is that which is to be regarded:
Alas, how is the lavish foole rewarded?
That takes most paines to waste away his state,
That buyes his pleasures at the deereft rare,
And spends his meanes to purchase friends of those
Which, when his meanes is spent, become his foes;
And flout and jeere him in derision base,
Behind his backe, if not before his face:
Besides the want this novice falls into,
Which is the greatest misery or woe.

This is the height of youthfull vanities,
Though, in my youth, I thought it otherwise:
How was my tender reason then in thrall?
But, what is past I cannot now recall.

Well, let that passe; the time that is behind,
I will, I hope, be of another minde;
Tis time to make use of the time remaines,
Come then invention, let us beat our braines
What stretching gaine full stratagems are best?
Direct me, for it is no time to rest;
Nor must I stand at scruples in the way,
Nor yet regard what idle people say.

Come, I have money, that shall out to use,
 What though some count that practice an abuse?
 They are mistaken sure, or they be such
 As doe, through want, forbear to doe as much;
 For I account him more precise then fit
 That makes a doubt, of that which Lawes admit;
 But let them heerein doubt that will, for me,
 If I make any, all my doubt shall be,
 Least my security should doubtfull prove,
 I need in this no other scruple move.

But to be sure, I know a peece of land
 Which will be sold, that's in a spend thrifts hand,
 If I had that in pawne I were secure,
 For that is such a pawne as will indure:
 How shall I take this novice in a snare?
 But, tush, my gold will tempt him: theres no feare:
 For though he cannot prize it as he ought,
 Yet he, I know, to such a strait is brought
 That he must needs be bold with such a lend,
 And, at his need now, if I stand his friend,
 And seeke to him, till I assured be
 His land is sure, he then shall seeke to me.

But this suffice not, I have money more,
 And every quarter will increase my store.
 Now some, I see, doe mightily increase
 By making happy venturcs on the Seas:
 Whose profit, I confesse, I doe approve,
 But yet their venture, had I doe not love:
 I am not to my wealth so ill inclin'd,
 To trust it to the mercy of the wind;
 I like not that. But rather all my drift
 (As that, some say, is a speciall way of thrift)

Is at some Mannor, Lordship, or to buy
Some office where much benefits doth lye
Now such a purchase were to some effect,
Would both increase my wealth, and gaine respect
But if I purpose such a thing, indeed,
I must use great, and circumspectest heed
To walke a sparing and a saving way
That so I may provide for such a day.

The meane time then, the money comes to me
Shall, in the meane time, out ingendring be;
Such things, whats'ever, as I have to sell,
I meane to keepe, or put them off full well
Yea though my garner, or my barnes be fill'd,
With the increase my fruitfull crops doe yeeld,
Before Ile sell it at an under rate,
That way to make away with my estate;
Ile thrash my corne, and hide it in the ground,
(Whereas it shall not readily be found)
And buy the corne, I spend, as a device
To helpe to raise and aggravate the price,
Ere Ile be bound to feed the stinking poore
At such a reckoning with my precious store.

Nor need I, for my corne, ere long, no doubt,
Will beare a price, and then Ile bring it out
When it is at the height, and, if they will,
Then let the poore revile, or use their skill,
Tis not the cry, nor curse of such a vaine,
Or foule mouth'd crew shall make me slip my gaine.

Then next, because I doe hasten my intents,
There is no shift but I must raise my Rents,
And such as be my Tenants too, must beare
Those rates and duties, they would make my share:

What though their charge be great, and times be bad,
 The Rent I could on other men have had,
 And can have yet, and some thing else to drinke,
 And therefore I doe use them well, I thinke :
 And they have no just reason to complaine :
 But if they doe, tis labour but in vaine,
 For though I take their money, as tis fir,
 I am not bound to maintaine them for it.

Besides, I now must spare a little more
 Of what I spent within my house before,
 Two meales a day must now suffice, and such
 As Nature doth require, and not too much.

I doe commend of Vv hear, but now, instead,
 Both Rye, and Barley, they will make good Bread,
 Yea good enough for servants: and the poore,
 I trust my dogge shall keepe them from my doore.

He waste no money now to buy new cloathes,
 New fashions they are things an old man loathes ;
 My old cloathes of antiquity can boast,
 And therefore sure to be respected most,

And, for my body, He refuse no paines,
 But toyle and labour all day long for gaines,
 And when tis night, and others rest doe take,
 I then will exercise my braine awake,
 And lye and sweetly ponder and devise
 Some gainefull exercise against I rise,
 For me, and mine, that by this meanes I may
 Make benefit of both the night, and day.

These meditations give me such content,
 I grutch my sleepe that would the same prevent.
 Then what shall herein hinder my desire ?
 I can imagine no contentment higher :

And

And therefore this shall be my highēst pitch,
 Onely to toyle, and study to perich,
 And this I will endeavour to expresse:
 Though with my tongue, I doe not it confesse.

But if I must, for tender Natures sake,
 Some further use of Recreation make,
 My Library to my view presents:
 The sweet fruition of most choyce contents
 There I have certaine Statute Bookes at hand,
 Where I may view the Tenours of my Land:
 There I have, just Arithmatickes, to count
 Unto what summes my usuries amount:
 And eke an Affamerides, which may
 Shew me my other commings in each day.

And there to pleasure me, I may behold
 My bonds, and bills, my silver, and my gold;
 Which Jewels if I should but feele, I thinke,
 It would refresh me more than meate and drinke.

Discretion in Age.

DEare selfe, what art thou all inclin'd to earth?
 Is nothing else in thy account of worth?
 Or, at the leastwise, nothing else that may
 Here upon earth, be valu'd with this clay?

Earth is, indeed, the matter of thy frame,
 And thou must sure, againe into the same;
 For things Created naturally run,
 Into those elements where they begun)
 This cannot be deny'd; that in this kind
 Thou mayst be something to the earth inclin'd.

Yea necessity, and affinity is such;
As seems by nature to require as much;
And reason of affection doth admit,
Where neere aliance doth the same beget.

Besides, a frugall providence in thee
Doth both with reason and thy yeares agree;
All ages, yea and all estates stand need
To have this careful Providence and heed;
As that whereon depends, as doth appeare,
Next under God, their onely safety here.

And such as doe neglect this duty great,
And idly spend their time, or their estate,
They are to be condemned as unjust,
And no fit Stewards to be put in trust;
They are to those depend on them a curse,
But are by oddes unto themselves a worse;
Good men account them base above the rest,
And God, He doth them most of all detest:
This is the issue, or the ill effect.

Which still attends this Prodigall neglect.

Deare selfe, tis so; but let not this excuse,
Let not this collour of a lawfull use

Of getting goods, or earthly treasure slight,
Make that thy onely practice and delight,
And to that gaine become so much addicted
That gaine farre greater shall become neglected.

Itell thee wealth is very much inclin'd
Both to seduce and steale away the minde,
And if thou dost but unto it incline,
It will possesse thee totally in fine,
And in thy bosome beare such sway, that grace,
And tender-hearted vertue must give place.

Which

Which Mammon in thee to this monster growne,
Thou shalt remaine no longer then thine owne;
But thea slave vnto servitude and grosse;
Under this Monster, Mammon, earthly drosse.

For as men doe of fire, and water say,
They are good servants when they doe obey:
But if they come to get the upper hand,
Are cruell Masters where they doe command.

So goods, and care of worldly gaine, confin'd
Within those limits reason hath injoynd,
Are very good: but if they doe exceed,
And yet the upper hand, for want of need,
They then will grow outrageous, and will play
The Tyrant in thee, making thee obey:
Torment thy minde, with endlesse care oppress,
And waste thy body, giving it no rest.

For wealth, like wine in excellence exceeds,
If thou canst take no more thereof then need,
And will afford much comfort and delight;
But take too much and will confound thee quite,
Or so besot thy understanding part,
That it will make thee drunken at the heart.

For as to adde more water to the force,
Doth make it run but with the greater force:
Or as to put more fuell to the flame,
Doth but increase or more inrage the same.

So fondly seeking to alay this fire,
Or scorching thirst of gaine in the desire,
By adding wealth, to wealth posses before,
Doth but increase desire of wealth the more:
For riches in them, naturally rising,
Have onely power attractive, not sufficing

That

That tis not all the wealth thou canst require,
Can satisfie a covetous desire.

Nay, know thou mayst in worldly wealth excell,
As it is said of *Tamul* in hell,
Who, though in water stands up to the chin,
And scorch'd with thirst, yet cannot drinke therein.
So thou, I say, in worldly wealth mayst swim,
And yet not have the power to taste, like him,
One drop of comfort in the same; nay know
Thou mayst have riches to thy overthrow
And meere destruction, when thy riches shall
Become thy joy, thy master, God and all.

This is, deare selfe, a certaintie indeed,
Men hunger still that doe on riches feed,
For feeding thus doth appetite beget,
The more men feed the more they hunger yet.

Then doe not thou endeavour thus to fill
So foule a monster as will hunger still,
Or rather be the further to suffice,
The more it swallows: No, be thou more wise,
And shew thy understanding by thy care,
Or manly courage to avoyd this snare,
Which for a colour, or excuse pretends
Thy safety on the use of it depends.

Besides, deare selfe, where Avarice takes place,
It is a deadly enemy to grace:
It roots our vertue, and is much inclin'd
To smother all good motions in the minde:
It banisheth all pity from the doore,
And is a cruell foe unto the poore:
It counteth men of charity unwise,
And such as are religious, too precise,

And all things underneath the Sun but vaine,
But onely such as doe afford some gaine.

Yea, the presumption of this god is great,
This Mammon seeketh to usurpe the seate
Of God him selfe, in that he doth aspire
To take the chiefeest place in mans desire.

But mine owne heart give God the chiefeest place,
For earthly Mammon is a monster base,
And such as be the servants of that beast
Their servitude is base above the rest.

Besides, deare selfe, thy fading yeares are such
As in this, Nature may perswade thee much;
Thy Age doth plead by arguments full strong
That thou must leave these earthly things ere long:

Thou must forsake those Lands thou hast in hold,
Thy stately buildings, and thy pretious gold,
And stript of all ere long; thy bidding have
Amongst the dead within the silent grave.

Thy powers of minde already doe decay,
And Nature 'ginsto take its force away:
Which being so, as so it is, deare selfe,
Why shouldst thou be in love with earthly pelfe?
Which thou so soone art certaine to forsake;
And when tis gone, thy reckoning is to make,
When thou for aide hast greatest use, then shall
Thy flattering riches flee, and leave thee all.

This is a truth most certainly concluded,
Then be not with this fruitelesse wealth deluded:
But seeke those riches that will never rust,
Nor ever faile thee, being put in trust;
Let vertue be the treasure of thy minde,
Be unto heav'n and heavenly things inclin'd,

For those are riches which will helpe at need,
When as thou hast most use for helpe indeed,
Those in the end will stand in thy defence,

And in the meane time, ere thou dost go hence,
Will yeeld thee joy and comfort in thy brest,
And will besides, become thy wisdom best:
For vertue will thy wisdom best expresse,
And eke thy age it doth require no lesse,
Thy yeares are such as justly doe require
Thou shouldst be heavenly now in thy desire,
Contemning earth, and earthly things as vaine,
And such, with which thou canst not long remaine,
But must be sever'd: and the day insues
When thou shalt all such comforters refuse,
As meerely fruitlesse: when one little graine
Of heavenly grace, or everlasting gaine
Will doe more good, and yeeld thee more content
Than all the World is able to present.

Deare selfe, forsake this earth then in desire,
Raife thy affections elevate them higher,
And fixe them where they need not thus remove,
On the Eternall treasures are above
That so thy secret conscience may have rest,
And comfort from those vertues in thy brest:
And others, which shall see the same (as fit)
Shall give much honour both to thee, and it
And, by thy sage, and good example mov'd;
Thy vertues shall in them become belov'd;
And thou become a teacher, as, in truth,
The aged should in vertue be to Youth.

Passion.

HHeaven, and things Heav'nly, it must be confest,
Are above all things infinitely best,
And so I doe account them in my minde;
And so, I trust, I shall them one day finde,
When I shall stand in need of them at last,
When all my earthly comforts shall be past.

But in the meane time whiles I have my stay
Here upon earth, where earthly things beare sway,
And in the world have got so much command
That worldly wealth hath got the upper hand.
What madnesse were it, might you thinke, in me
If of this treasure I should carelesse be?
Or count the same a thing of little worth,
Which is the gaine accounted of on earth:
And onely such as doe injoy the same
Are counted men of estimate and fame.

Alas, what were it for my credit here?
Though I in gifts of Nature should appeare
Most perfect; adding unto Nature, Art,
And learning, to illustre each part?
Yet were I poore and wanted Riches, rush,
All my perfections were not worth a rush:
Nor would within the worlds account take place,
My poverty would give them such disgrace.

Nay, were I moved in another kind,
With grace and vertue to adorne my mind,
To be Religious, zealously affected,
And unto heaven, and heavenly things addicted.

Yet were I poore and wanted earthly gaine,
 All my Religion would be counted vaine,
 And I, with my endeavours, thus should passe
 Under the censure of dissembling asse,
 Or under titles of contempt as much,
 As idle, factious, ignorant, or such.

But, otherwise, were I of birth most base;
 And of good breeding never knew the place,
 Were I deform'd in body, lame, or blind;
 And were as much defective in my minde,
 Had neither grace, humanity, nor wit,
 Nor any other faculty were fit:
 But were in speeches; and behaviour rude,
 And in my practise most deboyft and lewd;
 A foe to vertue, and to bosomes chaste
 A tempter sworne, or enemy profess'd;
 A monster, or as meere a drunken sot:
 As ever *Bacchus* bred, or drunke a pot:
 And unto these did resolution adde,
 To make all others that I could, as bad.

Yet, notwithstanding all this showne, and more,
 Had I but wealth, but earthly riches store,
 The sweete possession of revenues great,
 Which might give honour unto my estate:
 The world it durst not taxe me then with blame,
 But rather yield me reverence and fame,
 At least the reputation and respect
 Which worldly wealth, or nothing could effect:
 For greatest riches seeke the highest place,
 Aspires to honour, and expels disgrace.

Besides, example dayly makes it cleere,
 What freedom tis to be a rich man here,

What

What priviledges waite upon him still
To feed his fancy, or suffice his will:
What kinde of earthly comfort can he crave,
That may be had, which here he may not have?

If honour be the thing he doth desire,
Tis wealth, or nothing, that must raise him higher:
For honour doth on worldly wealth depend,
And as wealth riseth, honour doth ascend:
Againe, as wealth doth fall into decay,
So, for the most part, honour falls away.

If worldly pleasures satisfie him best,
What pleasure can he in his heart request,
The earth affords, his heart to satisfie,
Which earthly treasure, gold cannot supply?

For as the needle drawes along the twine,
So Gold hath earthly pleasures on a line,
And, for the most part, that way gold doth draw,
The worlds contentments follow, as in awe.

Or if it be the maintenance of right
When wrong is offer'd, that he doth delight:
Or sweet revenge, to satisfie the minde,
When injury is done in any kinde:
Why there is nothing of the like respect,
With gold, in working any such effect.

It makes the wirnesse confident and bold
To speake his minde, although he be contrould.
It gives the Lawyer courage in his case,
It makes him use most necessary pleas,
And will to childish silence not be put
So long as gold can keepe his case on foot.

Or, otherwise, (by tender pittie mov'd
To doe that ancient duty, and approv'd)

If that a man would Charity extend,
 Would be a helpe, or comfort to his friend:
 Would aide the simple, fatherlesse, or poore,
 And give, to such as wanted, of his store;
 Or had a purpose to be understood
 A Benefactor to the common good.

Yet if he wanted meanes, unto his minde,
 And had not where withall to be thus kinde;
 His purpose would be, to no purpose, lost,
 Because his will, thus by his want was crost,
 And his good meanings dye, with his devorion,
 For want of gold, to give them life and motion.

Oh gold most pretious / what can more be said?
 If vertue thus depends upon thy ayde,
 And can not fly, unlesse thou giv'st it wings,
 But lyes, and dyes, as well as other things.

The greatest Monarch never so much sway'd
 As to become of all the world obey'd;
 Nor fairest creature, most alluring made,
 Like thee, could ever all the world perswade.
 But thou dost sway a Scepter in thy hand,
 Which doth the worlds whole Monarchy command:
 And, like the Sun, such rayes doe from thee flow
 As doe attra& the love of all below.

Who is so great, or stately to disdain
 To be a suiter for thy pretious gaine?
 Or who so wise, so holy, or upright
 As truely scornes to yeeld unto thy might?

The Noblest and the bravest Spirit quails
 When thy sweet genious, or familiar failes.
 And eke, againe, the most deboyst that lives
 Revives his Soule when thou assistance gives.

Come

Come then deare gold, my hearts content and stay;
Who will not, if thou dost command, obey?
Thy powers are so attractive I should feele
Some motion of them, though my heart were steele,
As tis full hard; but yet not such a flint,
But that it hath some feeling of thee in't;
And, if thy greatnesse might not it disdain;
I would be more familiar with thee faine:

For I account thy pleasures farre above
All youthfull beauty, or delights of love,
Or any thing, if any thing abides,
Of more contentment, in the world besides.

Discretion.

BVt stay, deare selfe, what art thou all in gold?
These are extreames; some moderation hold:
Gold is a stateley habit, I confesse,
And is accounted in the world no lesse.

But gold, it may be, is not thy attire,
But gold is in thy bosome thy desire;
And so, it bearing sway within thy brest,
Thou art by it, not it by thee possrest.
And thou become a servant, and inthrall
To that should doe thee service most of all:
Which is, indeed, that misery of minde
Wherein, men miserable, are most blinde:

But, mine owne heart, be thou discerning here;
And make it knowne thy understanding's cleere,
And is not dazled by those golden rayes,
Which doe eclipse the brightnesse of our dayes.

I doe

I doe acknowledge earthly goods a blessing,
 And be they wanting, many things are missing:
 Yet where they are, and doe exceed, tis plaine,
 They are as bad, or dangerous againe.

For where these earthly riches doe exceed
 The measure that a sober man doth need,
 They there leave off their nature of content,
 And take the nature of a punishment,
 And, with the endlesse care of boundlesse pelfe,
 Torments the mind as much as hell it selfe.

This is most true, although we sometimes see
 Men seeme at ease, that thus tormented be:
 Who like the Salamander in the fire,
 Delight to live thus tortur'd in desire.

Besides, although we manifestly finde
 Things earthly, pleasing to an earthly minde.
 Yet vertue, that which maketh truly rich,
 That we see, alwayes flies a higher pitch.
 As Heaven, the seat of happinesse, we know,
 Is furthest distant from earths center low;
 So, doubtlesse, heav'n, and things that heavenly be
 Can worst with earth, and earthly things agree:
 The spacious space betweene them put is such
 As serves alone to signifie as much.

That too much riches doe appeare a curse:
 Again, too little is accounted worse:
 These are extreames, and can not be the best,
 Because extreames they can afford no rest.

What then, deare selfe? why certainly betweene
 These two extreames, there still abides a meane,
 Which golden meane is of a higher rate
 Then, almost, all men value the estate.

For what true comfort can there be attain'd,
Which with a sweet contentment is not gain'd?
Again, what true content can be devis'd,
That is not also, in the meane compris'd,
Sure double happy is he that achieves
The sweet conjunction of these relatives,
Which meeting are so readily inclin'd
To make such heavenly harmony in minde?

What note more sweet than from the mean strifeth?
What strain's more full than that which still sufficeth?
The meane all true contentment doth present;
And who more happy than the man content?

Sweet compitancy, how rare doe we find
Thee to the man of a contented mind?
What rest, what peace, what joy dost thou allow him,
And with what matchlesse comfort dost indow him?
Keep' st him secure and safe in all respects,
Preserv' st him from all turbulent effects:
And full sufficiency dost give him, which
Is ten times better than to have too much.

The man a losse, may boast upon the same;
The man renown'd may glory in his fame:
The man ambitious may seeke to clime higher:
The man envious, to have his desire:
The rich man may his insulations make,
And sooth him selfe for his abundance sake.

Yet neither high, nor low, nor rich, nor poore,
Nor any other state on earth hath more
True rest, true peace, true comfort and content,
Or sound and solid satisfaction in't,
Then this contains, than this affords to such
As rightly doe imbrace it; nor so much.

Deare selfe, then herein set thy heart at rest,
 The meane is it where verue doth consist;
 That if thou hast sufficiency in store,
 Tis madnesse then to vex thy selfe for more;
 When adding more to that thou dost possesse
 Will make thy comfort, in them both, the lesse,
 Or rather, in this nature to speake right,
 Will take away the comfort of them quire.

Besides the toyle, the study, and the feare
 In storing up these needlesse finies of care,
 Is such, as may in reason well suffice
 To make a Creature rationall more wise.

And for the vulgar credit or applause
 Whereof these worldly riches are the cause,
 If duely weigh'd and ponder'd as it ought,
 It will appeare not halfe the thing tis thought.

For what is all the honour, or the praise
 Bestow'd on greedy rich men now adayes?
 But onely outward reverence; and such
 As the bestowers inwardly doe grutch,
 Because they know tis undeserv'd: though feare
 Doth make them thus some reverence declare.

Nay, he that is most earnest to obaine
 These earthly goods, the greediest of gaine,
 The same he aynges at, runnes into disgrace,
 And his endevours are accounted base,
 And men doe brand him in the stead of fame,
 With most reproachfull titles for the same,
 As cruell, earth-worme, Usurer: And more,
 He alwayes is accursed of the poore,
 Who, in their hunger, doe for vengeance call
 For him: and such as he that ate up all.

Besides, the earth he eateth up so fast,
It threateth againe to eate up him at last:
And, in the meane time, earnestly doth grieve
That he should haue so much of it alone,
And doe no good with it: which the Creator
Ordain'd should be a necessary creature.

And therefore, to be reueng'd ere long
Will witnesse beare how he hath done it wrong:
When as the Judge, who doth in truth delight,
Will heare the case, and do the creature right.

Deare selfe tis so, then set not thou thy love
On such a friend, as if thou dost, will proue
Thy greatest foe, and for thy kindnesse shewne
Unkindly plead to haue thee overthrowne.

But if thou must, as needs thou must indeed,
Make use of earth, or earthly wealth at need,
Then labour to imploy it in that kinde,
Which by the Author of it was inioyn'd,
In doing good, extending of thy store
To pious uses, and vnto the poore:
And then, vnto thy comfort, in the end
Thy wealth, in earnest, will become thy friend.
And witnesse for thee, when thy case is try'd
How justly by thee, it hath bene imploy'd.

This is, deare selfe, the onely sweet of all,
That may in wealth extracted be from gall:
For worldly riches are a sugred baite
Wherein lyes pay for hidden by deceit.

Then be thou heedfull mine owne tender heart,
And in this nature shew thou hast some art,
Who, like a skillfull Alchymist and try'd,
Canst here the silver, from the drosse diuide.

Observe that rule, which hath beene long forgot;
 To use thy wealth, as if thou us'd it not:
 That so, if such an accident should be
 As, ere thou dy' it, should part thy wealth, and thee,
 Thou mayst with patients, free from discontent,
 Restore the Owner what he freely lent:
 Or, at the least, when death, at last shall strike,
 Thou mayst, with joy, doe willingly the like.

Passion.

Mine owne deare heart, why tak'st thou not thy rest?
 Why art thou thus disquieted in my brest?
 As if I priz'd this world at such a rate
 That I were carelesse of my future state:

No, feare it not, it is not so, I trust,
 For I desire the portion of the Just,
 And have a hope, as well as a desire,
 As, to rise here, to rise hereafter higher.

And, to that end, I am in hope tis knowne,
 My good endeavours to the world are showne;
 My purse is still as ready as my minde
 To be a helpfull worker in this kind;
 My part is alwayes call'd for as the chiefe,
 When Charity is calling for reliefe:
 And, whatsoever idle spend goods prate;
 I am much helpfull to uphold the state.

Thus, whiles I live, I doe my wealth imploy,
 And have a resolution, when I dye
 To be a further friend unto the poore,
 They then may blesse me as they did before:

And,

And, if I thought he would these things report,
I then would well requite a Preacher for't.

The meane time it must first be understood,
I must have wherewithall to doe this good;
And therefore things thus needfull, I am ty'd
In reason and in Conscience to provide.

Besides, it is my duty, and I finde,
A duty too that strictly is enjoin'd,
That here I should be provident and wise,
And use all lawfull meanes I can devise
That such as doe upon my ayde rely
May feele nowant of what I should supply.

But further yet I find within my brest
A Law by oddes more powerfull than the rest,
Which is the Law of Nature in my minde,
Which doth by Nature move me to be kinde,
And carefull that my children, which I grant
Are neare and deare unto me, may not want.

If Lightnings meteors threate to scorch the skies,
Straight, as inrag'd, distemp'rd Thunder cries:
Or any other neare united twaine,
If one fares ill, the other doth complaine.

Mine owne deare children, whom I tender much,
Tis fit that my affection should be such:
What heart would not dissolve to see you misse:
What tender bowels would not burst at this?
Sweet Babes, who, like to Birds before they flye,
For food doe onely to the Old ones cry;
Me thinks I heare you pittifully call
Father, be carefull of your Children small,
And as your substance did us substance give,
So of your substance, Father, let us live:

We are your offspring, issu'd from your loynes,
 What nearnesse more respectiue care inioynes?
 Let pittie move you to respect your owne,
 Compassion, first at home is showne:
 We wholly yet upon your hand are staide,
 We onely doe relye upon your ayde.
 If you have not a Fatherly respect,
 If you, deare Father, doe our cause neglect,
 What kindnesse, or what comfort may we then
 Expect to finde from any other men?

Deare Father, let affection then beare sway,
 Prevent your Childrens ruine and decay,
 And as our teares you doe in pittie tender,
 Be, as you are our Father, our defender,
 That so the tender seed that you have sowne
 May be preserv'd, and flourish when tis growne.

These are the voyces which me thinks, I heare,
 Unto which voyces who can but give care:
 What Father living can refrain from cares,
 That thus his Children sad complaining heares?
 But, doubtlesse, double cruell is that wine
 Which gives his child this reason to repine.

For my part, as it is my duty, so
 It shall be my endeavour thereunto,
 Whiles with my children here I have my stay,
 To doe my children all the good I may.

The working Pyrmire, and the labouring Bie,
 As if they did misting wants fore-see,
 Doe aptly teach us, in the time we may,
 To get in store against another day,
 Lest we, or those that we are bound to let,
 Should stand in want, in time of greatest need.

Yea,

Yea, as tis said, all Creatures teach the same;
 Both Birds, and Beasts; then were it not a shame
 If I; who should have reason for my guide,
 Should not with prudence for mine owne provide:
 Besides, I seeing earthly wealth is such
 That nought else, earthly, is esteem'd so much;
 And men, without it, are accounted base;
 What other gifts soever doe them grace;
 If I have any true desire to see
 My tender children here respected be;
 Or when I shall henceforth be, and leave them,
 Would have the world respect and honour give them.
 It doth behove me, whilst I here remaine,
 To heedfull be, and slip no means of gaine;
 But use my best endeavour, in this kind,
 To leave them credite, that I leave behind:
 That so when I shall cease, or fall asleep,
 My wealth, which then I shall no longer keepe,
 May grace my issue which shall then survive;
 That so my stock may be kept alive
 In my posterity, in that my seed
 Shall live, and flourish, when I shall be dead.
 When otherwise, if I shall waste my store,
 And, through my folly, leave my issue poore,
 They shall be faine to seek the income want
 That doth attend the state where things are scant;
 With the disdaigne, reproachfull titles, shame,
 And miseries that waite upon the same.
 Besides, my children shall have cause to curse
 Their fate, if not their Father, which is worse
 Their fate for frowning, but their Father, I,
 Not for more frowning, but for cruelty
 Who,

Who, when I ought, and might have purchas'd here,
Hard heart, was carelesse of my children deare.

Thus, if I be not provident, 'tis plain,
Both I, and mine, whiles here I doe remaine,
Must fare the worse: and when I must away,
And in my grave be moulded up in clay,
Where, one would thinke, I might remaine in peace:
Yet with me there the world will not surcease,
But call my follies up, to my disgrace,
Appearing in the poorenesse of my race,
Who, through my want of diligence and heed,
Shall taste of want, and miserable need.

Oh cruelty / what creature hath thus done?
Tis pittie Father ever should have Sonne,
That shall thus farr unnaturall be knowne,
As not to make provision for his owne.

Then who is so unnaturall; so blind,
So void of care, or reason in his minde:
As to condemne the providence of such
As for their children lay up treasure much.

Sure none that are of any substance will,
None that have wit will so condemne their skill,
None that have Fatherly affection can,
None that retaine the nature of a man.

If Fathers here should faile, and were not mov'd,
Through tender care of children dearely lov'd,
To take much paines, and have a prudent heed
To lay up store, for times that shall succeed;
Their hot affections would herein abate,
And care of things to come would out of date:
And so, by setting providence a stay,
The world would quickly ruine and decay.

But

But God, out of his goodnesse and his care,
His infinite of wisedome to declare :
Hath in each heart imprinted, as Creator,
A care of the preserving kinde by nature.

Which tender care of off-springs future good,
Hath beene a meanes the world so long hath stood :
And when this care shall cease, the world, tis plaine ;
Shall run to a confused heape againe.

I might enlarge this further, to make cleere
The case in question, but it doth appeare
So plaine and evident unto the wise,
That, what is showne already may suffice.

Then what shall stay, or hinder my intent ?
As if it justly might the same prevent,
This is the treasure : whatsoev'r men saine
Of mentall, or imaginary gaine.

That is to be commended, I confesse ;
And, such as doe injoy it, are no lesse.
But this is that same providence, which here
Affords the profit that is held most deare :
Yea, tis so usefull that, it seemes, the frame
Of all the world depends upon the same.

Then this shall be my study, and my art,
That of this building I may beare a part :
That, if hereafter, any man shall looke,
He may perceive what prudent care I tooke :
And such as shall succeed me, may be bold
To take the part, which thus I did uphold.

Sweet comfort, doubtlesse, and to be admired :
Who will not with these profits be inspired :
They doe possesse me in so deepe a kind,
And have indeed, so ravished my minde,

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That

That, if to speake the truth I may not bludge,
I count all profits, else, not worth a rush.

Discretion in Age.

IF home-bred, or domestick foes be such
As cause more dread than foraine foes by much:
Then much more may the inbred foe be thought
Most hard to be into subjection brought:
Because the neerenesse of a foe, we finde,
Doth adde advantage to a cruell minde,

Deare selfe, consider, this is just thy state,
Within thy bosome there is this debate;
This most irreconcillable jare:
There Passion, and Discretion are at warre:
There Nature seekes its freedome to defend:
There reason with affection doth contend:
Or rather there, to pen the title right,
Proud flesh doth with the humble spirit fight,

Mine own deare heart, then arme thy selfe thou must,
These fatall foes of thine are not to trust,
Their force is great, their malice is not small,
Their arguments most dangerous of all:
And when by force thou wilt not be Robbd,
They then will fawne and flatter to delude:
And if all this can not agreement draw,
They then will plead their quarrell good by Law:
That if thou standst not to withstand them fast,
They will prevaine and make thee yeeld at last.

But mine owne heart, be thou advised here
To shun those dangers, which thou seemst so cleare,

And

And let the knowledge of the same suffice,
To make thee loath the baite they would disguise.

Here Passion is impatient to seduce,
Under the shadow of a lawfull use
Of worldly wealth, and pleads by reasons strong
That it, in reason, doth to men belong
To be most wise and provident for gaine,
As that wherein such safety doth remaine
That they without it cannot well subsist,
And as they wish their children should be best,
Or would have happinesse betide them,
They must this meanes of happinesse provide them.

In deed, deare selfe, this argument, in shew,
Is of much force, and in some kind is true,
The Father is most strictly ty'd, I grant,
To have a care his children may not want:
And children, when they come to goe, I yeeld,
May walke the better, by this stay up-held,
And by the portion that their parents give,
May be the more encourag'd, whiles they live,
To store up for their issue too: and so
To doe to theirs, as they were done unto.

All this seemes equal, excellent, and fit,
And that which truth, and reason both admit:
That if there were no more to say but this,
This, doubtlesse, were the onely way to blisse.

But mine owne heart, the sting remains behinde;
This is the hony that deludes the minde:
Men dote upon the sweet that riches bring,
But never once suspect they have a sting:
A sting lies hid, by hony over-cast,
Which will be felt, when hony failes at last,

And make men know, as tis well knowne, that stings
Doe still lye hidden under golden wings.

Deare selfe tis so, then let it be thy care
To shunne the danger that is in the snare:
Doethou no further unto wealth incline
Then may be for the good of thee, and thine,

But if thou hast a fatherly desire,
(As fit, and that which reason doth require),

To store up riches for thy tender seed,
Which may relieve and helpe them at their need:
Then in providing thou must be more wise:
Than to weave webbes, as Spiders doe, for flies,
Which are so fraile and subiect to decay,
That the meere wind doth blow the same away.

Thou must be carefull that thy store uplaid,
Intended for thy tender childrens aide,
Be goods well gotten, honestly attain'd,
Not by deceit, or meanes unlawfull gain'd,
But such as Truth may warrant will abide,
When Justice calls the matter to be tryde.

For, otherwise, thy ill got wealth, intended
To grace thy children, when thy grace is ended,
It will be, like the Spiders web, as though
It were meere nothing, when the wind doth blow;
When God shall breathe upon it, in displeasure,
To blast the fruite of such ill-gotten treasure.

That, as 'twas gotten by deceit by thee,
It to thy children may deceitfull be;
And, when they thinke it should become their stay,
Then waste, or make it wings and flye away.

Thus, for the most part, goods ill gotten wast,
Though for an age they, peradventure, last,

Which is not often : but that bides not long,
(This is most certaine) which is gain'd by wrong.

Besides, tis plaine and evidently seene,
That goods which have unjustly gotten beene,
As they were badly gotten, by as vaine,
Or sordid meanes they doe consume againe :
For tis a Maxime, with a full consent,
Goods badly gotten, will be badly spent :
As if the father did the child constrain
To spend in vice, what he in vice did gaine ;
Which is a curse ; though children judge amisse,
The largest portion is the greatest blisse :
And thinke them fooles that thinke there is a curse
That children may inherit from the purse,
Or from the portion that their Parents give them,
So it be large or great enough they leave them,
Although experience teacheth, the conclusion
Of goods ill got, is ruine and confusion.

Deare selfe, then doe not thou thy selfe this wrong,
Nor those that doe unto thy selfe belong ;
Torment not thou thy body ; and thy minde,
To heape up store of riches in this kinde.

What idle madnesse is it, or as vaine,
To lye downe late, and early rise againe ?
To eat the bread of carefullnesse, and thinke
The dregges of pleasure good enough to drinke :
And all to gaine a little goods ; which, got,
Twere ten times better, that thou hadst them not,
But hadst beene, to thy happinesse, more wise
Both for thy selfe, and for thy seed likewise
For thee, because thy gaine will prove thy shame,
For thine, because deluded by the same.

Deluded & yea, most grossely too, deluded,
 It can not sure be otherwise concluded :
 For what can more deceitfull be than this,
 A curse should be intended for a blisse :
 A child which on his portion doth relye,
 Should, when he hath it, be undone thereby.

Undone, indeed, because it can not stay,
 But as 'twas got, in hast it must away ;
 And when tis vanish'd out of sight and gone,
 How is that child deluded, that alone
 Rely'd thereon ? is he not quite undone ?
 Yes, certainly, most wretched is that Sonne,
 Whose haplesse Father, or unhappy fate
 Provided for him such a failing state.

Had not his Father (by delusion guided)
 Such a deluding state for him provided,
 He should not then have on that meanes rely'd,
 As onely to that meanes of living ty'd)
 But should have in his tender yeares, as fit,
 Instructed beene to exercise his wit,
 To gaine such knowledge in some honest way,
 As might have yeelded meanes another day :
 Some lawfull Art, or Science, which are sure,
 When other portions vanish, to indure.

When he that wholly is without such aide,
 Whose meanes, or patrimony is decay'd
 (Whiles he on most inconstant fortune waites)
 Is urg'd to meanes unlawfull, or to straites.

Mine owne deare selfe, this is a certaine Truth,
 Which still hath beene most incident to Youth.
 Then if thou wouldst not have thy name defil'd ;
 Or if thou hast respect unto thy Child :

Then

Then scrape not for him such uncertaine gaine,
But rather teach him that which will remaine:
That so the portion that thou dost provide
May, to thy credit, with thy child abide.

What though the portion that thou giv'st be small?
Yet, if it hath that blessing there withall
That it was justly gain'd; and, when enjoy'd
As justly and as piously imploy'd,
It doublesse, shall be for their comfort more
That shall enjoy thy riches or thy store,
Then if it had beene ten times more; and got
By meanes unjust, which Truth admitteth not.

Foundations sound, which, like the Rocks, lye low,
Are better farr to build upon, you know,
Then hugest mountaines, that are heapes of sand,
Or hollow caves, where buildings cannot stand.

Even so that well got substance which is sound,
Although it lyes but levell with the ground,
Is very little: Yet tis better farr
To build upon, and longer will endure
Then that estate which by deceit did rise,
Although it threatens to reach unto the Skies.

But being windy, hovering, and light,
One blast from heav'n doth overthrow it quite,
And, by this ever sad event insuing,
Brings building, and the builder both to ruine.

But if, deare selfe, thy seed, by thy intent,
Should be the better for thee by descent,
Then thou must labour to be here the same
That may hereafter yeeld thee a good name.

That so that precious Jewell it may be
When thou art dead; and to thy name give

That

That true bred worth, or credit; which, I know,
The richest worldling hath not to bestow.

If this, then, thou canst purchase up in store
To leave behind thee, though thou leav'st no more,
This is alone a patrimony great:

The comfort of which portion or estate,
With thy example, may provoke thy seed,
When thou art hence departed, to take heed
To be to their succeeding race so kind
To leave them this inheritance behind.

That, as it in them by descent tooke place,
It may be still descending in their race:
That so they to their illles may restore
What from their parents they receiv'd before,
Which is a debt, or rather duty laid
On men by Conscience, should be duly paid.



A Postscript.

Vhat shall I here conclude? Oh yes 'tis time,
Bond Hypocrites can not endure this rime:
Tis idle, ris Phantasticall they say,
And altogether fruitlesse: what are they?
Sure had my verse no more true meaning in't
Then they have it, should never come in Print.
But can men make no Musicke on the Violl,
Because some make a noyse confus'd in tryall?

Yea, hypocrites, though it, like you be hollow,
Yet, strain'd by art, the notes are sweet that follow.

So verse, or rather Poesie, if it meetes
With Art, is, like a Poesie full of sweetes :
Though some like Apes, to imitate the same,
Doe spue out rimes, distastfull, to their shame.

BUt harke, what voyce is this that answers mine ?

Me thinkes I heare malicious envy grine,
As if it were in malice with my quill,
And tells me, that I boast upon my skill;
When I of knowledge am as farr to seeke
As he that knowes not Grammar, is of Greeke.

Fond Hagge take heed, I have not done thee wrong,
By an usurping thy inuenum'd tongue:
Nor borrow'd Language, thereby to make knowne
The skill of other men, and not mine owne,
Though it perhaps, doth often come to passe
An English Foole, becomes a Latine Ass.

But looke what herein hath beene my endeavour,
Tis all mine owne, how ignorant soever :
And I perhaps, may reach a higher straine;
Though here I cease, till I begin againe.



To his Most Noble and
much Reverenced Friend,
and Kinsman, Master
JOHN STURV.



Doe so far presume of your favor
as to shelter these insuing Lines
under the shadow of your Prote-
ction. I, indeed, acknowledge my
boldnesse in thus intruding upon
your worth, to defend my weak-
nesse.

Notwithstanding, I am herein encouraged in part
to presume of your Pardon. The slender subject here
presented to your view, consists of two parts, Passi-
on, and Discretion: The first part, which is Pas-
sion, that is absolutely mine owne: an inheritance dis-
cending from most ancient Parentage. The other,
which is Discretion, is yours by Possession; and due

The Epistle Dedicatory.

by Desert: in which I doe but bring the shadow to your Sight, of that which you have the substance in your selfe. In which respect it is but my duty to intercede for you in that which is yours by due. In which kind also, not wish that which is due, but that which is precedent may beg ge your Patronage, as part of your Inheritance.

I doe confesse I have imprinted the name of that noble Lady Temperance in the front of my Endeavours; but I know you will account it no disgrace to part with so worthy a partner; whose beauties, I am confident, doe (if possibly they may do) As much delight your heart, as the alone Lady of your affections, doth your bosome: which can no way be imputed to wantonnesse, but to wisdom. For what can be of more validity to preserve the nuptiall knot inviolate, then the sacred tye of vertuous Temperance? But, not any way to direct, but onely to delight you, I have thus farre incroached upon your leave. And in Fine, humbly petitioning for your favour, I rest
Yours at Command, as bound.

Edward Calver.



To the Impartial Reader.

WHat, shall I here proceed? and seem'd to cease?
Resolve me Reader, speake? or hold my peace?
But thou art silent, or I out of hearing:
Sure, till I know thy mind, I'd best be sparing.
But if thy judgement justly shall reprove me,
I shall recant; but Judge not things above thee..





To the Imperial Reader.

What shall I here proceed, and seem'd to cease?
Resolve me Reader, please, or hold my peace?
But thou art silent, I am not hearing:
Say still I know't, yet know'st thou nothing.
But if thy judgement justly shall approve me,
I shall receive; but Judge not things above thee.





Passion, and Discretion.

The Second Booke.

Passion in Wealtb.

Having full tyde why should I slacke mine
Oare?

When windes, beside, stand prosp'rous for
my shore,
And, with a soft and gentle fruitfull ga'e,
(As waiting on my will) doe fill my saile.

If Heav'n raines Manna in a plentiful measure
Shall man refuse to taste the same with pleasure?
When senselesse earth in Summer time is proud
To drinke the show'rs of an inferiour cloud.

Then if Heavens bountious hand fills full my cup,
Shall I, in dread that I should drinke it up,
Not taste thereof, but childishly forbear
The use of such a happinesse for feare?

No, no, I must not so forgetfull prove,
To slight a favour slackes the dovers love:
And oftentimes a gift bestow'd in vaine
Provokes the giver to recall againe.

Rouze then my faint and ill-informed brain,
And take some pleasure make use of thy pain.

And

And

To

Passion in Wealth.

And let not thy neglecting favours shovne
Rob thee of both Gods blessing, and thine owne
Most prosperous, yea if not Divinest fate
With earths chiefe blisse hath dignifi'd my state,
Hath given my wealth, which is the chiefe worth,
Or onely that accounted so on earth.

Then rise my thoughts above the common pitch,
And count it height of honour to be rich.
Inspir'd with comfort, all your powers unite
To hugge my fortunes with most deepe delight.

What sublunary blisse can I have higher
Then wealth; and so the world at my desire?
For Wealth hath got the world at such a bay
That wealth doth almost beare the greatest sway.

What foe, that's mortall, have I cause to dread
When I have such a friend as Wealth at need?
What poyson-pointed weapon need I feare
When I have such a coate of Mail to weare?

What blacke mouth'd Envy, breathing in my face,
Can blast my Reputation with disgrace?
When I possesse an Antidote so strong
As can expell the poyson of the tongue.

What sable fortune can disturbe my rest
When I have such a comfort in my chest?
Nay, it is such a Cordiall as can
Revive the most dejected heart of man.

If I desire to satisfie my senses,
I need not curb my Nature for expences,
For I have Wealth to satisfie it still,
And having Wealth I need not want my will.

Or, if there were no danger to elime high,
Who hath more means of getting up than I?

When

When, if I should his such wrongs intend,
I have the only Ladder to ascend,
Or, otherwise, should Fortune turne her wheele
To turne me downe, yet through the world I should seele
Or seeme to begge, nor any standing vilen
I feare no fall, nor chancing fortune much.

I feare grim faces as I feare the frowne
Of Mars his picture in a Curtaine drawne
Before his Zephirus, for her smiles to hide,
When I have words to draw that vail aside.

What send in office, nay, what for did see,
If I had a delight in such a file,
Could I not get affected but of hand,
And for my coyns have agents at command;

The thoughtfull poore man thinks it doth him grace
To doe me honour when I come in place,
And, if my coyns command him, to his force,
To beare my burden, he becomes my horse.

Both rich and poore are silent when I speake,
The poore for feare, the rich for favours sake,
And should I misse what man cannot afford
The Elements themselves will floure my board.

What cates can I imagine for my taste?
What guest can I delight in at my feast?
What sense contenting solace can I name
That I can want, if I desire the same?

What is there made that is not made for me?
When for my turne the Elements agree,
And all the treasures in the fountaine sent
By the Creator, to give me contentment?

Yes, all are made for me, my selfe I see
The freest man in the most sumptuous building,
The

The chiefe applaus, the victorie, the robes that be,
And fairest objects, all are made faine;
Then is not my estate to be desired?
Or I in my estate to be desired?
My state affords what heav'n on earth bestows,
And I am in the only Heav'n below.

Again, if heav'n (as though a hub'd for keeping
Themselves from stains) fall to exasperate,
Or, otherwise, beneath the heav'nly Tapers,
The liquid clouds convert to dusty vapours.

From whence the earth, whose fruitfulness depends
Upon those blessings which from heaven descend,
Proves fruitlesse, and a famine doth begin
To seise the Land, I suffer nothing.

Nay, should the skilful and dreadful Echoes flye
From coast to coast of fell *Adversary* cry:
Yea angry heav'n, and earth should seeme at strife,
What need I care, if threatned not my life.

If awfull *Cæsar* my assistance lacks,
I can put armes upon some others backs;
And though a famine may consume the poore,
I need not feare a famine in my store.

What lacke I then, or what doth me oppresse?
I feele now want, nor with my portion lesse;
I have sufficient whiles I live, and when
I dye, have issue to enjoy it then.

But were I childlesse, or my portion greater,
I should have children, though not sones by nature;
But by adoption, who would be full glad
To become heires unto so kinde a dad.

Rest then I may, and rest, the same I owe;
Yet crop the fruits which other men have sowne.

Discretion in Wealth.

And thus on earth, imparadised in pelfe,
Most sweetly sing a *Solace* to my selfe.

Stay then my thoughts, tis vanity to range,
My state is such that I desire no change.
Let mendicants, or poore men strive in cares,
Whose suires, and cries are tedious in mine eares.

My state is now depending upon none,
I can subsist within the same alone,
I take mens favours not as kindnesse showne,
But service due, and so receive mine owne.

Or, if I had a rytle to betrayd,
Or stood in need of any thing beside,
Why I have such a loadstone in my fist
As can attract even almost what I list.

Cheere then my heart, and let no want be felt,
Inlarge thy selfe, thou mayst have what thou wilt:
But, being full already, take thy rest,
Lest thou shouldst seeme to strive for what thou hast.

Discretion in Wealth.

Soft, soft, fond Passion, sigh the winds are faire,
And waters seeme to answer to desire,
What need of striving? can that vessel sink
Which wind and water beates aloft & ye thinke?

But mine owne heart mistake not thou thy time,
Fond selfe, doe not thy selfe instate,
Thou mayst have tyde, and wind to fill thy saile,
But winds are turning, and the tyde will faile.

Then, if thou hast a purpose to stand sure,
Build not on that which cannot long endure.

Of wouldst thou any certain comfort find,
Trust not such changing objects as the wind.

For what is wealth but wind, or windy stuff;
Got in a gale, and vanisht with a puff;
And he that hath the longest cable, at last
Doth find his substance cut by one blast.

What, to a blast? a creature without forme?
Yea to a weaker creature, to a worme;
Nay to the moth, the canker, rust, and rot,
And being gone it is as soone forgot.
All this is certaine, this is verifi'd:

Onely thy substance is uncertaine try'd,
And if uncertaine, then deceitfull gaine,
Which got, is lost, and lost, is got in vaine.

Deiudged selfe, then how does sense or Passion
Tell thee thy state admits no alteration?
But, having wealth, canst neither want, nor fall,
When wealth it selfe doth waver most of all.

But sense is savage, or a brute, at least,
And Passion is the Fury of that beast;
At first made good, but by the fall made bad,
Are now prov'd rebels, and are often mad.

Then canst thou deare selfe, be carry'd forside,
As to commit thy selfe to such a guide?
Shall heav'ns bred reason, Queene of humane race,
Unto her servile hand-made sense give place?

Fye no, let brutish Passion be suppress'd,
Lest sense be onely Sovereigne in the beast;
But in thy breast who art a man by name,
Let reason rule, to shew thou art the same.

If thou dost feare thy reason weake
To plead thy case, when subborne sense shall speake

And then confesse thee thou, and thy estate,
And all things easilly flowing and abate.

Then thou my selfe, whose Queen offense is reason,
Consent not to that schall loose in Treason;
And sith thou seest thy Treasure is but vaine,
Trust not too much to such uncertaine gaine.

It professes what it hath not to supply,
It soft delights, but cannot satisfie,
It makes men hope for what they cannot have,
It may assist, but it can never save.

For rest propounded, it affordeth trouble,
For fame, or pleasure, shadowes, or a bubble,
For hop'd for fullness, it doth empty leave,
In greatest danger it doth most deceive.

It feeds the senses, answers their desire,
But that doth make those rebels to conspire,
It fills the body, but it hath a wide
To famish the noble and soule the while.

It hath some force to gaine a little fame,
But hath no power to get an honest name;
It doth procure some blessings, if well us'd,
But cares, and snates, and curies, as abus'd,
Cares, to torment the body and the mind,
Snates, to intrap the silly soule made blind,
A double curse, to ruinate thy store,
Proceeding both from God, and from the poore.

Dint-fighted Passion, or deceiving moost,
Is this the state when thou dost so boast?
Are these thy streames of pleasure to be rich?
Or these thy charmes, wherewith thou dost bewitch?
Those, those are they, it is thy charme, indeed,
That makes men so much trust unto a need.

And so mistake, sensible of blessings given, and blind at
The shadow, for the substance, each for Heat and not
Sweet selfe, can reason thus be overthrowne
In any heart of man, yes, in thine owne;
The mould was no whie better to thy frame
Then other men are made of, but the same.

Then lish thy foes are great, thy force but small;
Trust not thy strength too much, nor sense at all.
But much lesse take thy riches for thy stay,
Which vanish like a vapour, or betray.

But, as thy wealth should be at thy command,
Or, as a talent trusted in thy hand,
Or as a tryall how thou art affected,
So use't, so rule't, so cover, or neglect it.

Tis made thy servant make it then obey:
Tis ruinous, where servants beare the sway:
Besides, it tis too base a subject sane
To rule where reason and discretion are.

Tis lent thee, as a Talent put in trust,
Then make use of it, keepe it from the rust:
But spend not vainely, as thou must not hide it,
For thou must answer how thou hast employ'd it.

Tis given thee, as a tryall, to see whether
Thou wilt respect the gift above the giver;
Thou mayst receive it but not as the Swine,
Respect it too, but not to it incline.
Know then, in fine, thy wealth is like a fire,
Where thou mayst warme, but not inflame desire:
To use it wisely, it may serve thy turne,
But it thou canst too neere it, it will burne.

Come not too neere it then at any hand,
Scorne to be mark'd with such a noied brand.

28 *Passion in Want.*
Tis safer sure to labour hard to sinne,
Then to be scorcht'd in getting such a beate.

Passion in Want.

WHat borne to beg? or borne to beate, at least,
Still in the collar? why not then a beate?

The beate can but beate a burden eye,
And someti mes want relesse, and so doe I.

Or say the beate be subje to correction,
Am I not underneath the same subjection?

Yes, whosoev doe offend or slip,
And scape unlash'd, I must have the whip.

Tis my offence that onely doth offend
Or my offence that onely is discern'd:

Or, at the least, tis my unhappy fate,
When I offend, to meete the Magistrate. (them

Some men have friends, when they offend, to free
Some men offend as if that none did see them,

And some offenders have the rod in awe,
But I, tis onely I must have the Law.

Sterne! and remorselesse inborne Law, as death,
Am I the fitt object for thy wrath?

Beseemes it thee to leese upon me so,
So small a prey, and let the greater goe?

If thou must needs be vigorous to wrong,
Be cruell to offenders that are strong,

To such as fight, or care not for thy frowne,
Make such men sloup, I am already downe.

But wherefore should I invoke in vaine?
Tis fruitlesse sure to beg or to complaine,

My suites are such as doe offend the eare,
Complaints can then not mitigate my care.

What helpelesse then? yea hopelesse too, indeed;
For I must suffer, tis by Law decreed,
I must submit to each insulting checke,
The burden still must lye upon my necke.

Arme then I must to suffer all injoynd me,
Stoup downe to take the burden up assign'd me,
And quietly put my necke into the yoke,
The sentence past, I can not now revoke.

Sun, rise not yet then, let me rest a while,
For when thou risest, I must fall to toyle;
The day, which gives to other men delight
That is my Mill to grind in till tis night.

Sweet Sun, then, being risen, speed thy motion
To cast thy selfe into the Westerne Ocion,
That when thy beames are vanish'd in the West,
The gentle night may call me home to rest.

Long look'd for darknesse, come then ease my sorrow
Let me put off my yoke untill to morrow,
Refresh me with thy comforts while I stay,
I may have strength to labour when tis day.

Thy rest-affording shadows are my shelter,
The day is toylefome, and the Sun doth swelter;
Then let thy shadows Cannopy my bed,
Thy shelter be a pillow for my head.

But here, againe, when I should reape this good,
Should take my rest, my Children cry for food,
And to me, with heart-cutting teares doe say,
Deare Father, we have had no bread to day.
Then, moy'd with pittie, what I have, I give them,
Which cannot fill them, though it may relieve them;

Which eaten, and they empty still, they cry
Father some more, when I have no supply.

With words I seeke my childrens cry to cease,
Not having food to make them hold their peace,
And with a sigh, as if my heart would burst,
I promise food, but I must earne it first.

Beasts, which are savage, feed their young with food:
Birds, which are silly, satisfie their brood:
But I, most sordid, heare my feed complaine,
And call, and crave, and cry for food in vaine.

Sweet babes, whose faces lively doe expresse
Their wofull Fathers Image in distresse,
Why was I made an instrument to breed you,
And not made able, being bred, to feed you?

Deare children cease, your sobs increase my cares,
You shall have bread, although my drinke be teares;
He bind my body, like a slave to serve,
Before the issue of the same shall starve.

But doring fortune, why art thou so blind?
Or why art thou so partiall, or unkind?
Was I borne under that unlucky starre
Which onely threatens famine, plague, or warre?

Are Destinies so powerfull where they threat?
Or so much partiall in dividing fate?
Some must have much, some Mountaines to their share
But for me nothing; not a moule-hill spare?

Most grosse Injustice, or unequall fate,
This is too much for patience to indure;
Some feed on dainties, and I fed with drosse,
They take no paines, I labour like a horse.

When other men are pamper'd, or doe feast,
I pine with hunger, or do want, at least,

Their

Their Fragments are too good for me, tis well, need I
If I can be partaker of the smell.

Well *Dives*, take thy pleasure in thy store;
I hope for crummes, though baited from thy doore;
I must have copper, thou the coyne, full bagges,
I empty baskets, thou the robes, I ragges.

Thou art exalted, I am counted base,
Thou must have honour, I must have disgrace,
Thou must be sought to, I must seeke and crave,
Thou must be master, I must be the slave.

Thou hast the calme, and I the rugged guske,
Thou hast the kernell, I have but the huske;
Thy vice seemes vertue, or is not respected;
My Vertue, vice, or more than vice neglected.

Tis bootlesse then in thee to be precise,
And vaine in me to labour to be wise;
Thy grandest vice is nothing, in esteeme,
My greatest Vertues lesse than nothing seeme.

But can the world thus by the world be gull'd?
Or canst thou *Dives*, thus a sleepe be lull'd?
Will thy dull eares, or more obdurate brest
Not heare my cry, nor answer my request?

Or dost thou laugh to heare my children mourne,
And cry for bread, when thou hast all the corne?
As if thou didst imagine by that way
Both I, and mine, and all would be thy prey.

Well, eate thy fill, and gorge thy selfe with more,
And what thou eat'st not, boord it up in store;
And, if poore *Lazarus* troubles at thy gate,
Tell him the crummes are gone, he comes too late.

What shall I say? or shall I silent keepe?
Dives hath dyn'd, and now he is a sleepe.

Then whether shall I travell for reliefe?
What object is there that will ease my griefe?

If I looke upwards to the azureskies,
In hope that heav'n would ease my miseries,
There are those impropitious Planets raining
Which ty'd me to these sorrowes by ordaining.
If I looke downwards, to that neather Orbe,
To earth for comfort, when the Heavens doe curb,
There I find nothing can my cares remove,
But feeble beneath, what was injoynd above.

There, there I toyle and labour like a brute;
I plow, and sow, but others reape the fruite;
I dig for Oare, but seldome touch the money,
I there am stung, but others sucke the honey.

Onely the empty, and impartiall ayre,
That is mine freely, lest I should despaire,
I sucke that life-preserving succour, which
Is all the portion that can make me rich.

Sweet ayre then, and least guilty of offences,
Be thou my comfort, vivifie my senses,
And, if all other Elements agree
To barre we succour, let me live by thee.

But I am vaine, in hope to ease my cares,
Thus to entreat a creature without eares:
If eares be deafe, then creatures which have none,
Although I cry, must needs be like a stone.

Then let me rest, tis folly to intreat,
For I must labour, if I meane to eat,
I may complaine, or vex my selfe to dead,
But I must grind, or I must have no bread.

Discretion.

V Hat all in Passion overcome with mood?
Despaire of comfort & make a doubt of food?

As if the doore of all reliefe were lock'd,
And all thy hungry expectations mock'd.

Is there no rest, no pittie, peace, nor love
For thee on earth, nor comming from above?

So deeply moved, nothing but complaine?
Can not the hand which did create sustaine:

Deare selfe, surcease, recall thy selfe, forbear,
The danger, sure, is lesse then the feare,

Thy life is no such Tragedy of woe
As thou conceiv'st, thou dost but thinke it so.

Tis true, tis hard, I know, to humane nature
To yeeld subjection to a fellow creature,

That the same mould, same workmanship and all
Should downe unto the selfe-same creature fall,

But be content, tis not thy imperfection
In forme, or substance, binds thee to subjection,

But onely he that formed all doth say
Let some men rule, and others some obey.

Distemper'd, or more stuborne selfe, by much,
Then yeeld subjection, stoupe, and doe not grutch;

To man thus stouping, thou must understand
Thou honourst God, obeying his command:

And so preserv'st thy Sovereigne title still,
Subject to nothing but thy Makers will.

Whose will thou wilt not, nay thou canst not shun,
What he doth will must readily be done;

Then sith his will should willingnesse beger,
Obey his will that bindes thee to submit.

What though the man thou stoupe unto be vaine,
Or one that doth requite thee with disdain?
Or one that shuns thee as he walkes the streete,
As if thou shouldst infect him when you meete.

Or one that takes thee for a varmine, which
Doth live upon the substance of the rich,
And thereupon, in safeguard of his store,
Doth keepe a dogge to keepe thee from his doore.

Yet, if he hath a place above assign'd,
Thou must obey because tis so inioyn'd,
Though he be bad, thou must thy good expresse,
His vices must not make thy vertues lesse.

Besides, if all mens portions here were great,
If all men were made equall in estate,
Why then there would no government be had,
All would be Masters, all the world run mad.

But God on some doth very much bestow,
Again, he placeth other some as low,
That from respect to each mans places due
May both command, and servitude insue.

Deare selfe, then cease thy sorrows in this kind,
Although thy body be suppress; thy mind
Is not subjected, but may flye a pitch
Above the highest checking of the rich.

Then if thy mind, the Image of thy soule,
Be not subjected to the worlds controule,
But freely towring on her unclipt wings,
May take her pleasure on the better things,

What cause hast thou then to complaine of cords?
When thy estate such liberty affords:

The

The matchlesse freedoms of the mind are more
Than all the treasure on the Indian shore.

Fond selfe, then how canst thou complaine of want?
Canst in this fullnesse thinke thy portion scant?
Oh / yes, say'st thou, these are but mentall joyes,
Or, as some count, imaginary toyes;

These have no substance, these are but deceit,
Or empty ayrie notions of no weight,
These are no kernels, these are but a shell:
And tis not words can empty stomackes fill.

Or hast thou food, it must be of the worst,
And, ere thou hast it, thou must earne it first,
Thou must consume thy body into sweate
Before thou canst refresh the same with meate.

Which being fed, tis but (as fed in vaine)
To make it fit to be consumed againe:
Or as the Galley slave is with the *Turke*,
Thou dost but eate to make thee strong to worke.

But mine owne selfe, beware of sense bred harmes,
These are most subtle, most deluding charmes:
Thy Soule, I tell thee, is the better part,
Though sense would have thee most prefer thy heart.

Then having soule-insuing food, the best,
Repine not: Nor despaire thou of the rest,
Thou and thy Children shall have food to eate,
He that hath given you mouthes, will give you meate.

He hath a store house, where much fullnesse lyes.
Of his hid treasure, hidden from thine eyes:
Nay, he can turne the very stones to bread:
The silly Ravens that call on him are fed.

Then trust on him, his Promise is his Deed,
He will not faile thee, calling at thy need:

Nor canst thou be more ready to declare
 Thy wants in calling, then he is to heare
 What though the rich have all things at desire
 Are fed with dainties, clad in rich attire,
 And take their pleasure with the truth in formes;
 They are but fed, or pamp'ed for the wommes
 They which, perhaps, impatient of delay,
 Doe call to their Creator for such prey.

Then though their eates be rare, or doe excell,
 If thou hast that suffice thee, tis as well:
 Their rarest dainties can but hunger stay,
 And so thy meane and plainest dyet may.

Or have they vertue to keepe health in store
 I dare presume; thy homely feed hath more
 That all the oddes is onely in the taste,
 Which is but as a needlesse sawce in waste;
 And what although thy outward weed be plaine,
 Or simple, such as some men doe disdain;
 Yet by it if the cold may be defended

It doth the good for which it was intended.
 Then having that, thou hast to serve thy need;
 Forefathers were contented with a weed;
 And did as much exesse hereof deride
 As now in the exesse hereof is pride.

Or why shouldst at thy working state repine?
 When tis the state that God doth all injoyne;
 When man would needs the fruit of forbidden eate;
 God ty'd him straight to labour for his meate.

Then worke, it is the will of thy Creator.
 Besides, it makes thee eate, and sleepe the better;
 It preserves health, subdues the rebell sense,
 And gives much scope unto intelligence.

Deceived selfe, repine not then at all;
Thy poverty was purchas'd by thy fall;
And he on whom was most of all bestowne
Deleives as poore a portion as thine owne.

And if that he which here possesseth most
Disdaines thee, or with insultations boast,
Tell him the Farall wheele dorth turne a maine;
Which drew him up, to throw him downe againe.

And in the end, when thou thy race hast run,
And art to give account what thou hast done,
The lesse thy portion, or thy part hath beene
The lesse, no doubt, will thy account be then;
Which is a comfort, and will then appeare
A greater comfort than is counted here.

Then, in the meane time, why should'st thou be sad?
Because that men account thy fortunes bad:
Thy treasures are the vertues of the minde,
In which the world, or worldly men are blind.

The poore man, pious, is to God as deare
As men most wealthy, or advanced here:
And though the poore suffers here a while,
Those frownes ere long will vanish with a smile.

For how soeuer man may shew despight,
Both God, and Law doe favour men upright:
And he that hath all favours in his store,
What fitter object for him than the poore.

Passion in Honour

Rebels made Gods; or by the Gods made men?
If Gods, why are we now depending then?

Why lye we chain'd or pad'd in the mire?
When either gods, or men we may aspire.

Up then my thoughts, from earthly toys remove,
Betake you to your wings, theres prize above;
Rouse, rouse, me thinks I see an object faire,
It seemes a golden Eagle in the ayre;

What ist? if it be not the very fame?
Oh, tis her bird, which we intitle fame:
See how she doth descend, as on a string,
As if she meant to set me on her wing.

Then flye my thoughts, and meet her in the way,
Glide swiftly through the ayre make no delay:
Rare Phoenix, let me take thee on my fist
That I may take my pleasure when I list.

What dost thou checke, or seeme to bend away?
Stoup gentle Faulkon, thou shalt have the prey,
I take thee for my pleasure, but to fly,
He nurse thee as the apple of mine eye.
Well, now I have my wish, I am secure,
The bird I sought is stoup'd unto my lucre,
That airy bird, the sweetest bird that sings,
Or rather flies / O, beare me on thy wings.

Let me enjoy the favours of thy love,
Who dost come downe to carry me above,
That I may take those pleasures as I rise
Which are most high; the lower I despise.

The higher, the richer prey is to be won,
Then let us mount, thou needst not feare the Sun;
I feare no falling, thou thy strength hast felt,
Thy wings, I trust, will neither scorch, nor melt.

Thou heaves best bird, then heave thy failes, I know
Thy nature doth disdain to prey below.

And

And I shall never have my full desire,
Though I mounch high, if there be game yet higher.
Then raise me to the Regions of thy Dame,
Or, if it may be, higher than the same;
For, if I reach not to the highest top,
I shall account my Ocion but a drop.

Tis true, good fortunes did on me attend
Before I had a motion to ascend,
I then had friends, and many favours granted,
With much respect, and Gold I never wanted.

Yea, large possessions; and was little pent
Of any earthly object of content,
But had on earth, what might be had, assign'd,
That might content a reasonable minde.

And in these pleasures I tooke much repose,
Yea, did conceive no higher joyes then those:
But, like the Bee, lay sucking on those flowers,
Not looking up, from whence such hony showers.

But, as mens minds are subje& unto change,
So did my thoughts, in time, begin to range,
And, by some secret inspirations, mov'd,
Which were no sooner motions, but approv'd:
I glanced upwards, thereby, if I might,
To view some higher object of delight.
Where (with a heart-attracting sight) mine eyes
Discry'd thee hover very neere the skies,
Wherewith inflam'd, it mov'd me to desire
Thou mightst come downe, or I ascend up higher,
That I might see thee to discern thee fuller,
And view thy beauties in their proper colour.

Then all the pleasures I enjoy'd before
Became as nothing if I had not more;

I did disdain, or very much neglect
 All former favours, treasure, or respect,
 And onely raviſh'd with thy ſelfe on high,
 Contemning things below, I ſought to flye.

Heavens ! what a dreadfull hell had I in part ?
 What Paſſions had poſſeſſion in my heart ?
 Sometimes in hope, and ſometimes in deſpaire,
 Like *Icarus*, to be ſoaring in the ayre.

I ſlipt no meanes conducing to my ends,
 But was an humble ſuitor to my friends,
 My wits I did upon the Tainters ſtraine,
 And made my purſe as lavish as my braine.

Now, by theſe helpes, and others my deviſing,
 With much adoe, I got ſome hopes of riſing,
 Which hopes inſfram'd, and helpes ſo fed deſire,
 That I at length, am got up thus much higher.

But here I ſtand, from hence I cannot ſtirre,
 My thoughts, and wits are here at a demurre:
 I am as if imprizon'd in my ſtate,
 Which makes me loath, what I deſir'd of late.

I doe confeſſe when I at firſt did grow
 Unto that height, which now I count too low,
 I was contented, and my heart was glad,
 As one ſufficed with the ſtate I had.

My thoughts, and ſenſes were reviv'd and merry,
 My ſpirits were reſreſhed as with ſherry;
 And I became as one with comfort riſen,
 Who had beene long in thralldome, out of priſon.
 The world did then admire me, as amazed,
 And at my birth of honour ſtood and gazed,
 And with much ſhow of reverence and fame,
 To grace this birth, did celebrate the ſame.

My entertainment was with such applause
That I my selfe began to stand and pause,
As if amazed at my selfe to see
The honour done unto my new degree.

But now, alas, my honour is but cold,
My new degree is now accounted old:
And men begin to question my desert
Because there fals no motion to my part.

No motion, no preferment seene at all,
No rising, which is next unto a fall;
His rising was with rumors of repute,
Which praises are forgotten now, or mure.

Thus, thus me thinkes. I heare the people prate,
Which shewes they either doe disdain, or hate;
Because I rise not as some others mount,
The world doth call my worth unto account.

Distemper'd people, destitute of shame,
Can you both praise, and then dispraise the same?
And wretched I, that men so vaine, or sleeping
Should have the Trumpet of my fame in keeping.

Must my applause be subject to the rude
Inconstant censure of the multitude?
And onely as their various gale shall blow
My reputation here must ebbe, or flow.

What is it then to be exalted here
To place of Honour? when it doth appeare,
If that he be not still ascending higher,
But doe sit still, our honour doth retire.

Come then Invention, nimble motion'd wit,
What project now, what plot can you beget?
Or what doth want, or what is in the way
I can command, and can that beare no sway?

Oh / restless, joylesse, have I meanes, and will
 To be ascending, and yet sit I still
 Have I such force afforded to resist
 Obscurest clouds, and yet am in a mist
 Forgetfull Fortune, canst no favour show
 It had beene better I had kept below,
 Than to have beene unto this state erected,
 And being up, to be therein neglected.

Oh / give me motion, people may discover
 That I am rising, let them see me hover,
 That I may heare their Ecchoes in the ayre
 My praises sounding, or I doe despaire.

But why am I thus Passionate in mind
 Despairing, or distrusting in this kind
 Though shadowes late have turn'd my day to night,
 The Sun is rising now to give me light.
 Those higher Orbes, whose clouds dispersing gleames
 Are ever ready when we want their beames,
 Have, from their heav'nly Arke, sent downe a Dove
 To take me up, and carry me above,

Thou heavenly Dove then, sith thou art come down
 To decke my head, Oh / let me have a crowne
 Or, if thou think'st that be too great a praise,
 At lest returne not till I have some Bayes.

The fouds are gone, the flowres, and leaves are greene,
 Then let the same be by my Garland seene,
 That men may see the earth hath drunke those showers
 Which hung betweene me, and the higher powers.

That so the people, which have long forgot me,
 Or with an eye respectlesse looked at me,
 May make me now the object of their praise,
 As one whom heavens hath a delight to raise.

And

And you the sacred Muses of our age
Delight to act my triumphs on the stage,
And in such ample formes imprint my glory
That many ages hence may read the story.

And let my Armes, augmented, to my line
Increase of Honour give. And when my shrine
Shall once intombe my body, let my fame
Perpetuated be upon the same.

Discretion in Honour.

WHat doe I wake, or neither wake nor sleepe?
But dreames possesse me with illusions deepe:
Poore silly earth, inspir'd with fancies proud,
Imagines it may trample on a cloud.

Deceiving, or deceived heart, at least,
Canst thou be thus transported in my brest?
Canst thou be thus aspiring, or presuming,
Shall earthly wormes, be airy formes assuming?

Deceived selfe, how canst thou thus transported be
Or whether are thy sober wits resorted?
What art become so empty, light a thing
That all thy mind is now to be on wing?

Nothing but soaring in the ayre on high,
Nothing will please thee if thou dost not fly,
So farre besotted with these airy things
Thou dreamest of birds should set thee on their wings,
Of golden Dove, of Eagles: so speake plaine,
Of Castles in the ayre, or in thy braine.

And whence proceeds these troubles? onely bred
Of grosse distemper'd Humors in thy head,

They

Which growing to extreames, in this condition,
Converts thy very soule into ambition.

But mine owne heart, and mine owne head be staide,
Cal home your thoughts, collect your wits now straide.
They in the ayre are hunting of a feather,
And thou on earthly'st onely gazing thither.

Foo'es play with Feathers, art not thou the same?
To let thy thoughts run after such a game?
Which though it seemes to stoupe to thee, in fine,
May light upon anothers head, not thine.

And what is fame here? is it any other
Th'n a meere painted, or a golden feather?
To fly in the empty ayre, to and fro
By each inconstant vapour that doth blow.

The peoples acclamations, which we find
Are just as light, and changing as the wind;
Whereon relying, men may hoyle up faile,
But when a stresse, or tempest comes they faile.
But mine owne selfe, be more thine owne intire,
Not roost thus to, and fro, upon desire;
Let not supposed happinesse, though great,
Move thee to loath a present happy state.

What dost thou want? what canst thou wish, indeed
Either to satisfie desire, or need?
Which thou hast not already in such plenty
As may, so long as thou art man, content thee?

Possessions thou hast in possession many,
Silver and Gold thou hast no want of any,
Fullnesse of pleasure spe'd before thee lyes,
Titles of Honour too, that may suffice.

And how soever thy mistrustfull heart,
Proceeding from suspect of thy desert,

May move thee to surmise the World neglects thee,
Yet people peradventure, more respects thee
Than thou hast eyes are open to observe,
Yea more, it may be, than thou dost deserve.

But say the people doe begin to slight thee,
And trumpets of thy fame, which did delight thee,
Are now not sounded with so great applause
As once thy Honour gave the World a cause.

What then? shalt thou be thereupon inrag'd,
And onely curse the people, who, inrag'd
To doe thee Honour, doe not make it knowne,
As if there were no fault herein thine owne?

Sense blinded selfe, thy eye-sight is not cleere,
Thou lookes too farre, for that which is too neere,
Thou blam'st the people, when the fault is thine,
Remove the cause, th'effect will then decline.

Would'st heare the Ecchoes of thy praise rebound
Then let thy Vertues give that trumpet sound,
For if the Ecchoes of thy praises cease
It is because thy Vertues doe decrease.

Be Vertuous, and be famous in thy place,
For Vertue is in Thrones the highest grace:
High borne, high plac'd, befits a lofty story;
But lasting fame, is onely Vertues glory.

Deare selfe, then be not in that franticke mood,
To labour here to be more great, then good:
But, if that greatnesse needs must be thy prey,
Let goodnesse goe before to make the way.

But wherefore hast thou such a mind to rise?
When thou art such a pitch as may suffice:
Is climbing without danger dost suppose?
Whoever fell, but first of all he rose?

Then who to rise would vex himselfe at all,
 When rising doth but presuppose a fall?
 Nor can he (though he dreames himselfe secure)
 That doth sit tottering on the top, sit sure.

Besides, it is the envy of the times
 To ayme at him that sits aloft, or climes:
 Ambitious spirits cannot brooke superiors,
 Thou they themselves be many wayes inferiors.

Men still are doring on that fond surmising,
 That one mans falling, proves anothers rising;
 That alwayes men advanced high, are lying
 Within the boundlesse reach of much envying.

Fond selfe, then doe not struggle so with fate
 To change the better, for a greater state:
 Nor yet suppose tis greatnesse of the same,
 If goodnesse want, that can preserve thy fame.

Nay, be'st thou bad, twill marthy greatnesse quite,
 For, though men dare not brand thee in thy sight,
 Yet in thy absence men will speake their minde;
 And shew, although they winke, they are not blind.

Besides, if bad, the higher in degree,
 By oddes the greater will thy downefall be:
 And when thou shalt be downe, nay, shalt be dead;
 And in thy silent grave arr buried.

Although thou then mayst, peradventure, have
 A stately Tombe erected on thy grave,
 Most firmly fixed to preserve thy fame,
 With a faire Epitaph upon the same.
 Yet thou must not imagine this will serve
 Thy much defaced Honour to preserve,
 No, these can slender commendations raise,
 These are but silly monuments of praise.

Indeed

Indeed, perhaps, when such men shall it see
As are more strangers to the Land, or thee,
Thou mayst have some conceived Honour by them,
Untill report doth better certifye them.

But when that such shall therein hap to view thee
As in thy life, and Conversation knew thee;
If any Vertue betwixt them indented,
Alas, will they say, this was but invented.

And thus thy sumptuous Epitaph, or Tombe,
Intended to thy Honour, shall become,
Instead of Trophies written on thy Shrine,
A shame to thee, and scandall to thy line.

Deluded selfe, then wouldst thou have Honour here?
Then strive to be the same thou wouldst appear:
For tis not place, nor, title, nor degree
Can set thy greatnesse from mens censures free.

Or wouldst thou have thy Honour to indure?
To thee, and thine? let Vertue make it sure:
For Vertue onely writes with such a pen
As doth indent beyond the Art of men.

Take Vertue then to be thy onely prize,
For, without Vertue, men but fall, that rise:
But, doubtlesse he whom Vertue doth advance,
His state is little subje& unto chance.

Sweet Vertue! why doe we no more admire?
But carelesse we that doe no more desire thee:
Tis thou that onely mak'st us weare the Bayes,
And we that onely doe neglect thy praise.

If thou giv'st light to lowest throbs of all,
What faster giv'st to Cedars that are tall?
If thou giv'st grace to meanest men that live?
What Glory dost thou to the mighty give?

Deare selfe, then seeke to clime no otherwise
 Then Vertue teacheth, if thou needs must rise
 But, if thou wouldst be certaine not to fall,
 The surest way is not to clime at all.



Passion and Discretion.

Passion.

Come sweet delights, come let me taste you quicker
 Your Quintessence is Nectar, Courtly lickor:
 I tast your honey, and I taste againe,
 Yet unsuffic'd, as if I drunke in vaine:
 I drinke, and drinke thereon, and yet am dry:
 Oh! have you fullnesse that can make supply?
 Strange! ever sucking, and yet empty still:
 Come let me taste you fully, drinke my fill.

Discretion.

Fond man, what mean'st thou dost hunger for delight?
 To feed on that which feedeth Appetite?
 Or wouldst thou drinke those liquours, like the Seas,
 To quench thy thirst, which will thy thirst increase?
 There thou, indeed, mayst drinke till thou dost burst,
 Or thou dost drowne, but never quench thy thirst:
 Nor can that liquor satisfie at all,
 Though taste like honey, which converts to gall.

Passion

Passion.

Earth, earth, earth, earth, what is it voyd of sense?
 Why have I feeling then, who came from thence?
 I call to earth, for earth to ease my cares,
 But why have I a tongue, and earth no eares?
 Unhappy man, must I my ease become
 To move the earth, and earth becomes a stone?
 Let pittie then for ever cease to be:
 Oh! give me earth, or let the earth take me.

Discretion.

All earth, what ay'st thou? nothing but that mire
 Which thou wert made of, suits with thy desire:
 Is earth so sweet to taste on, or to smell?
 Be satisfi'd, thou shalt have earth thy fill.
 Thy gaping mouth, and unsufficed throate,
 With earth fill'd up, shall make thee change thy note,
 And, in revenge, the earth thou call'st so fast,
 To feed on here, shall eate up thee at last.

Passion.

You melting clouds, which mourne above my head,
 Let teares drop downe, my dearest friend is dead:
 Remorselesse death hath now untide that knot
 Most dead affection fasten'd, or begot.

Departed Friend, deare was thy presence to me,
 Deep wounding death, what vengeance dost thou show
 Deare friend, but must death sever's with his dart? (me
 Life, rather leave me too, tis death to part.

Discretion.

Lamenting creature, cease thy sobs, forbear
 Thy friends at rest, then why art thou in care?
 Death was but sent to free thy friend from sinne,
 Then blame not death, nor rob thy selfe of life.
 Life is but lent, and so a debt, indeed,
 Which must be paid, before the debtor's freed,
 If freedome then by dying may be gain'd,
 Thy friend is freed, and thou thy selfe art chain'd.

Passion.

Faire yea most faire, mistake not I the glasse:
 Is there such beauty in a humane face?
 Or more then humane, very neere Divine,
 If not meere heavenly, could it else so shine?
 Heavens Master-piece, or Natures rarest art,
 Thy Sun-like beames attract my yeelding heart:
 I gaze on thee, and gazing lose my sight,
 And yet the more I gaze, the more delight.

Discretion.

Vaine Doter, dost thou pry so neere?
 Thy sight so weak, this Sun so passing cleere:
 Regard thy sight, looke off a while: its power
 Will faile anon, it wither like a flower.
 Beauty becomes a baite, dost thou not know
 That Snakes doe hide where fairest flowers doe grow?
 The pith of griefe, is in this barks of joy:
 Faire Hellen caus'd the overthrow of Troy.

Passion.

Passion.

Tush; I have braines, why stand I doubting still ?

My wits will serve to answer for my will :

What need I tremble then, or stand in awe ?

When Logicke will defend, why feare I law ?

Come then Invention let us beat our braines,

Plot for our ends, and give define the reines :

Our secret Projects shall have good successe,

If otherwise, our wits shall find redresse.

Discretion.

Proud *Haman*, or *Arbitophel*, be wise.

Hee's most a foole, most on his wit relies.

Seest thou not how they sinke, or run a shore

That make their Wit their Boar, their Will their Oare

Presume not then, mans Policy is light,

Events are secret, hidden from his sight :

He may the outside of things present find,

But in things secret, or to come he's blind.

Passion.

Woe, woe, why came I forth my Mothers wombe ?

Why was not that Sepulcher still my Tombe ?

There I had ease, and rest, but borne to strife,

Cryes did foretell the sorrowes of my life :

Sorrowes, indeed, tormented with such paine

Which to conceive, confounds conceit, as vaine :

Can Natures wants by Art have no supply ?

Oh ! ease me, ease me, ease me or I dye.

Discre.

Discretion.

I moane thee much, but thou must be content,
Thy case is all mens, coming by defect;
Adam did eate, and suffer; thou his sonne
Art bound to suffer, till the sore doth run.
Despaire not though, but pacifie thy minde,
There is no sore, but hath a salve assign'd:
If in the body, Physicke there doth good;
If in the soule, then her Physitions blood.

Passion.

What have I spent my time, and Parents cost,
In gaining Learning, and my labour lost?
Is Learning now neglected? yes become
It seemes by me, not worthy of a Rhome:
Or, if I be got in, I am so pent,
The Rhome I have doth give me no content:
I know my worth, and what the world doth owe me;
But purblind world, will neither pay nor know me.

Discretion.

Have patience man, the world doth place admir,
And Honour too, to men deserving it:
Then rest content, thou shalt have what thou would'st,
Be it thoo the same thou say'st: If not, why should'st?
Thou may'st have riches, yet not allow'd;
Thou may'st have learning good, yet making proud;
Thou may'st by learning know the Truth most full;
Thou may'st by learning most deceive and gull:
If Learning then can put such shapes upon thee,
Let heavens give place, that Learning may give thee.

FINIS.